

the

LINK

March 1969

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA TODAY

THEY BUGGED HIM TO DEATH

GRACE DARLING WAS HER NAME

**SERVING GOD
AND MILITARY PERSONNEL FOR 25 YEARS**





RELEASE

The little stream,
Broken from the ice which held it,
Fed by spring rains,
Gurgled as it rushed,
As it raced itself,
Down across the meadow.
It was like a heart,
Breaking from the frozen cast of grief,
Coming back to the knowledge
That God,
If held to,
Will heal
And give a measure of joy.

—Enola Chamberlin



THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 27

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Front: "Beauty is the gift of God..."—Aristotle. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: "Never a ship sails out of the bay But carries my heart as a stowaway."—Roselle Montgomery. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: Release. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Flower Worship. Photo by Gene Ahrens.

ART WORK: Illustrations by James Talone.

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SOUND OFF

Enjoys and Subscribes

I sure do enjoy reading **THE LINK** each month. I get it at the base chapel. I am enclosing \$3.00 for a year's subscription to be sent to my wife. Will you please start with the August issue?

S 1 Sht. Charles S. Thomason, A.F. 14431827, 5072 Air Base Sq. Box 430, Seattle 98723

A New Reader

Enclosed please find check for \$3.00 for a year's subscription to **THE LINK**. I enjoy this magazine very much. Here is how I came to know about it. I have a son in the Navy who is in Vietnam at the present and every so often he sends a copy. The magazine certainly does have a lot of worthwhile reading and I feel my life is even richer from the few I have already read so therefore I want very much to be a subscriber and have it in my home.

—Mrs. Robert (Isabelle) Cary, 611 Division St., Pecatonica, Ill. 61063. Box 434.

Don't Want to Miss **THE LINK**

Enclosed \$3.00 for subscription to **THE LINK**. We have been going to base

(Continued on page 65)

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Violence in America Today

By J. Edgar Hoover

Condensed from the Statement of the Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, before the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, September 18, 1968

EVERY indicator available to the FBI, from its investigative responsibilities in both the criminal and security fields, emphasizes that violence is a rapidly growing malady... Of an estimated 3 and $\frac{3}{4}$ million serious crimes reported to law enforcement agencies in 1967, 484,900 were violent crimes in the classifications of murder, forcible rape, robbery, and aggravated assault... The violent crime rate in the United States for 1967 reached 250 victims per 100,000 population. This is more than double the 1940 rate...

Over-all, crime in the United States rose 21 percent during the first six months of 1968 over the corresponding period in 1967....

These statistics represent an epidemic of crime and violence, which has affected virtually every segment of American Society. The mugger, the rapist, the hoodlum stalk our streets today in frightening numbers....

The Crime Clocks, as contained in the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports for 1967, show that during that year these offenses occurred at these time rates:

Serious Crimes: 7 each minute
Violent Crimes: One each minute
Murder: One every 43 minutes
Forcible Rape: One every 19 minutes
Aggravated Assault: One every 2 minutes
Robbery: One every 2½ minutes
Burglary: One every 20 seconds
Larceny: One every 30 seconds
Auto Theft: One every 48 seconds

The violence of the criminal, often cold-blooded and calculated, is especially felt by law enforcement officers. In 1967, 76 officers were killed in the United States while performing their official duties....

A disproportionate share of national crime is committed by persons under 18 years of age. In 1967, for example, 49 percent of those arrested for serious crimes were in this age bracket... Vicious juvenile gangs terrorize the slum sections which spawn them, using weapons easily made or come by to commit crimes of violence which all too frequently leave their victims killed or maimed....

Violence is an integral part of the operations of organized crime... In the greater Chicago area alone, there have been more than 1,000 gangland slayings since 1919, only 17 of which have been solved....

A study of criminal careers has produced the following profile of 12,026 perpetrators of violent crimes who were arrested in 1966 and 1967. For the murderers, of whom there were 922, the average criminal career was 11 years and 7 arrests. For the felonious assault offenders, of whom there were 4,538, the average career was 10 years and

8 arrests. For the rapists, of whom there were 925, the average career was 8 years and 7 arrests; and for the robbers, of whom there were 5,641, the average career was 9 years with 8 arrests....

The enormous cost in money and ruined lives which the statistics of American crime represent touches almost every citizen in some manner. The cost in dollars and cents is staggering—estimated at over \$27 billion a year... The rioting here in Washington, D.C., following the murder of Martin Luther King on April 4, 1968, caused damage estimated at \$24 million....

THERE ARE in the United States today a number of subversive and extremist organizations which advocate force and violence. They strive in every possible way to disrupt law and order and to inculcate hatred and bigotry that breed violence....

Among these are the Communist Party, the "new left" movement represented by the Students for a Democratic Society, the white hate organizations, the black nationalist organizations....

The crime and violence that flourish in America cannot be attributed to a single cause... Just as there is no one cause, there is no single remedy. Crime and violence cannot be prevented or reduced by concentrating on one or two phases of the problem to the exclusion of the others. A coordinated and many-sided effort is required if effective results are to be achieved.

There are a number of vital social

and economic factors—such as poverty, inequality of employment opportunities, inferior housing, inadequate education, discrimination, and breakdown of the family—which breed lawlessness and violence... We must find ways to eliminate the conditions which are causing us so much grief and concern...

Too many individuals eagerly avail themselves of the rights, privileges, opportunities, and benefits which this Nation affords, but shirk the duties and responsibilities that life in a free society entails... There is, unfortunately, a reluctance on the part of some of our citizens to act positively in behalf of law and order. Police have been assaulted while spectators stood by idly watching. Crimes have gone unreported...

The results of the flagrant disregard for law and order are evident in the widespread and purposeful violation of laws and regulations not to one's personal liking... The demagogic exhortations of a number of civil rights, peace, and student leaders have done much to encourage and condone lawlessness and civil disobedience... Lawlessness is not to be equated with legitimate dissent... But this dissent, of its very nature, requires law for both its expression and its preservation...

The abrogation of responsibility on the part of those in authority has developed among young people an "anything goes" attitude in personal and collective moral standards and has resulted in an alarm-

ing breakdown of the moral fabric of American society...

Public officials themselves have played a part in the buildup of permissiveness and violence because of their tendency to overlook a little "law breaking" by pressure groups, apparently in the hope that this is the way to satisfy the demand and blunt it... But capitulation to the perpetrators of violence merely leads to more leniency, more breaking of the law, and more violence...

Much of the disrespect for law enforcement has grown up over the years from a general contempt for authority that has evolved in a permissive atmosphere. Attempts are made to depict law enforcement officers in an unflattering manner or to improperly charge them with misconduct... Certainly, there is room for improvement in police personnel and operations and there are instances of police misconduct. However, it is unfair to condemn all of law enforcement for the shortcomings of the few...

One very important aspect of the atmosphere of increased crime and violence is the administration of justice for the accused and convicted person. Today, prompt justice is thwarted many times by "continuance experts," by perennial brow-beaters of witnesses, and by hunters for loopholes and technicalities in the law.

IF OUR system of law is to survive, then the law must be enforced. Those who break the law, acting alone or in concert, must be speedily detected and arrested,

promptly prosecuted, and given proper, substantial punishment. The mollicoddling of vicious juveniles and the release of persons with criminal records without bond only encourages contempt for the law, for it permits such individuals to go out and flout the law again....

I will reiterate my long-standing position that tough, comprehensive, uniform gun-control legislation is imperative for the public's safety....

Far too much emphasis is also being paid on television to the antics of a publicity-seeking extremist minority. Impressionable youths and immature individuals can easily conclude from television news coverage that everyone is protesting, demonstrating, marching, and burning draft cards when, in some cases, the reporters, cameramen, and assorted technicians appear to outnumber the demonstrators....

The foundation of our society is a respect for and an observance of law and order. The mounting volume of crime and violence simply cannot be condoned or tolerated... We need to make respect for law and order the first priority in our national life, for the rule of law is paramount to this Nation's continued existence. ■ ■

COLD WAR-NING

The wide world hopes the Kremlin,
Like a barking dog at night,
Is all abominable bark
And no A-bomb-inable bite.

—Dick Hayman

NEWS BIT

Children's Book Award

Charles Schulz and Ruth Hill Viguers will judge the 1970 Abingdon Press Children's Book Award. The \$5,000 award will be given for the most outstanding book of humorous fiction written for ages 8-12. Manuscripts will be accepted between January 1, and March 1, 1970. For more details write to: Award Editor, Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

"Sorry, Son!"

Father: "I'm sorry, son, but tomorrow I have to use the chauffeur and the Rolls Royce for business."

Fifth-grader: "But how will I get to school?"

Father: "You'll get to school like every other kid in America gets to school—you'll take a cab!"—*Railway Clerk.*



"Ask your Uncle Sam... he takes all I make."

Creative Doubt

By Paul K. McAfee

YOU must never doubt, never question the pronouncements of faith," so a newly converted Christian was advised by his elder.

Never doubt? Take everything by faith? Put the mind in neutral and never take it out? Never question?

Sometime every Christian has had doubts. There are moments in life when the candle-flame of faith burns low and doubts assail. Who hasn't doubted at the onslaught of a personal tragedy or hurt? It is a very human thing to doubt and it can be related to human experience.

What Is Doubt?

Three dictionary meanings of the word *doubt* are: "to be uncertain," "the condition of being *objectively* uncertain," and "to look in two directions." At one time

centuries ago, the word meant *fear*. Each meaning in a very real way is related to the other.

Doubt is the arrival at a point where there is nonacceptance of a norm, a statement or a belief. It is the pause taken before acceptance or the marking of time until study, thought, and investigation can be arrived at.

There is concern related to doubting. If one is concerned, and comes to a point of doubt, this concern will demand a thorough study of the situation. If one is unconcerned, there will be no doubting—he couldn't care less one way or another.

Doubt is often the peg upon which a weak character will hang his faith and leave it there. Or, opposite reaction, doubt can be the challenge which brings a Christian to a stronger position.

Doubt can be all this and more.

Chaplain McAfee is Post Chaplain, Long Binh Post, APO San Francisco, Calif. 96491

Now let us look at how doubt is related to the Christian experience.

The Justification of Doubt

Jesus knew that men would doubt. He related it to the nature of man. But he expected to look beyond their doubting. He said, "O ye of little faith," and then went on to teach what faith could do. He pointed out that faith could move mountains. In a sense he was saying, "You may doubt what I say, but try it out first."

Is it wrong for a religious person to doubt? I think not. No more wrong than to hesitate before entering a business venture, or before approaching a situation where there is calculated danger.

Is it unchristian to doubt—is one less Christian if he doubts? Again, I think not. I have never felt that God intended his children to follow in so-called "blind faith." Obedient, thoughtful, purposeful Christian living is not blind—in fact, by obedience, thought and purpose, the Christian learns to see deeply and clearly the way to run the race of faith.

Honest doubt is justified. Moses doubted his abilities. God honored that doubt. He assigned Aaron, brother of Moses, to be spokesman for the future leader of the Hebrew people (Exodus 4:10-20). In other words, in the matter of being inarticulate, Moses' doubt was justified.

Thomas the Disciple doubted honestly that the Master had risen. This was simply too much for his practical mind to accept. Then

Jesus appeared to him and Thomas believed (John 20:24-28). Jesus spent no time chastising Thomas for doubting. He recognized honest perplexity, honest doubt. It was justified.

You see, God gives us intelligence. Intelligence will delve and question and doubt. True intelligence, once the question and doubts are answered, will then accept and go forward. God gave us a mind with which to think. Now and then, in the process of thought and reason, we doubt. It is justified so long as it is honest and straightforward.

Creative Doubt

Can doubt be creative? I believe it can. Moses took his doubts and went forward to become a great man for God. Isaiah doubted his ability and then said, "Here I am! Send me" (Isaiah 6:8). Thomas became an Apostle to India, according to tradition, leading people to Christ.

But let us step out of the Scriptures and look at more modern experiences. Martin Luther questioned and doubted the validity of the Catholic church to sell indulgences to people. He knew that man could not buy his way into the good graces of Almighty God. And he knew that an institution that would represent the church in this fashion was wrong. He explored and prayed and became convinced God did not honor such practices. Out of his questioning mind came a revolution—and Protestantism was born.

Columbus doubted the world was

flat and formed of sheer edges over which one would plunge into nothingness. He set out to justify his doubts and a new world was discovered.

Dr. Salk questioned and doubted the medical approaches being employed to discover an adherent to crippling polio. Out of his doubts new avenues were explored and a serum was discovered and the world today is rapidly freeing itself from a dread disease.

Each of these men doubted and did something about it, creatively, and the world in each instance was better for the doubting.

The Usefulness of Doubt

We have seen how doubt can be creative. It follows, then, that doubt can be useful. It can be useful so long as it is acted upon in a positive manner.

Useful doubting demands study and exploration. It cannot be entered into without each facet of the doubt being examined. It will never be useful to any degree if the doubts are not acted upon and gone beyond. It demands integrity. Why has the doubt arisen? Is the doubt an honest seeking and questioning, or is it being used as an excuse not to become involved?

New areas of thought are opened up by creative doubting, new dreams realized, new strengths experienced. Doubt can be useful only when it is used as a stepping-stone to further advances, until the doubt is laid and belief and progress realized.

We have a faith. It is a shining

faith that sustains and lifts. There are certain things that back up and support our faith. There is a Book—the Bible. Unnumbered times the Bible shows us how doubts arise, are worked through and laid to rest through faith in God. There is a life—that of Jesus Christ. His example of faith is such that when strident voices cry “there is no God—God is dead,” we can answer, “God is—he lives in Jesus Christ our Lord.”

Finally, there is experience. An experience of a life changing for better ways and better things. An experience, proof positive, that doubts can be creative, can be realized and honestly seen, but worked with and through to greater experience.

Doubts will come to every man. Sometimes they will be burning, traumatic doubts that shake the foundations of the soul. But if they are honest, and worked with, seeking creatively to find a better way, then the doubt is not bad. Many persons have become better Christians because they doubted and worked through to a positive answer and position.

Jesus said, “Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me” (John 14:1). Through belief, faith and realization that doubts can be channeled into a useful experience, one need not fear to doubt. From honest doubt can spring new visions and a deeper Christian experience. ■■

Pray the first thing every day.

Alaska Nurse

By Art Fee

WE ALL loved Mary Lou Muffet. The first time I saw her was in Dr. Parks' office in Keni, Alaska. I was certain she was a registered nurse. She was so proficient at giving shots and comforting distraught patients. I later learned she was a student nurse who had spent all of her nineteen years in Alaska, and they were hard years.

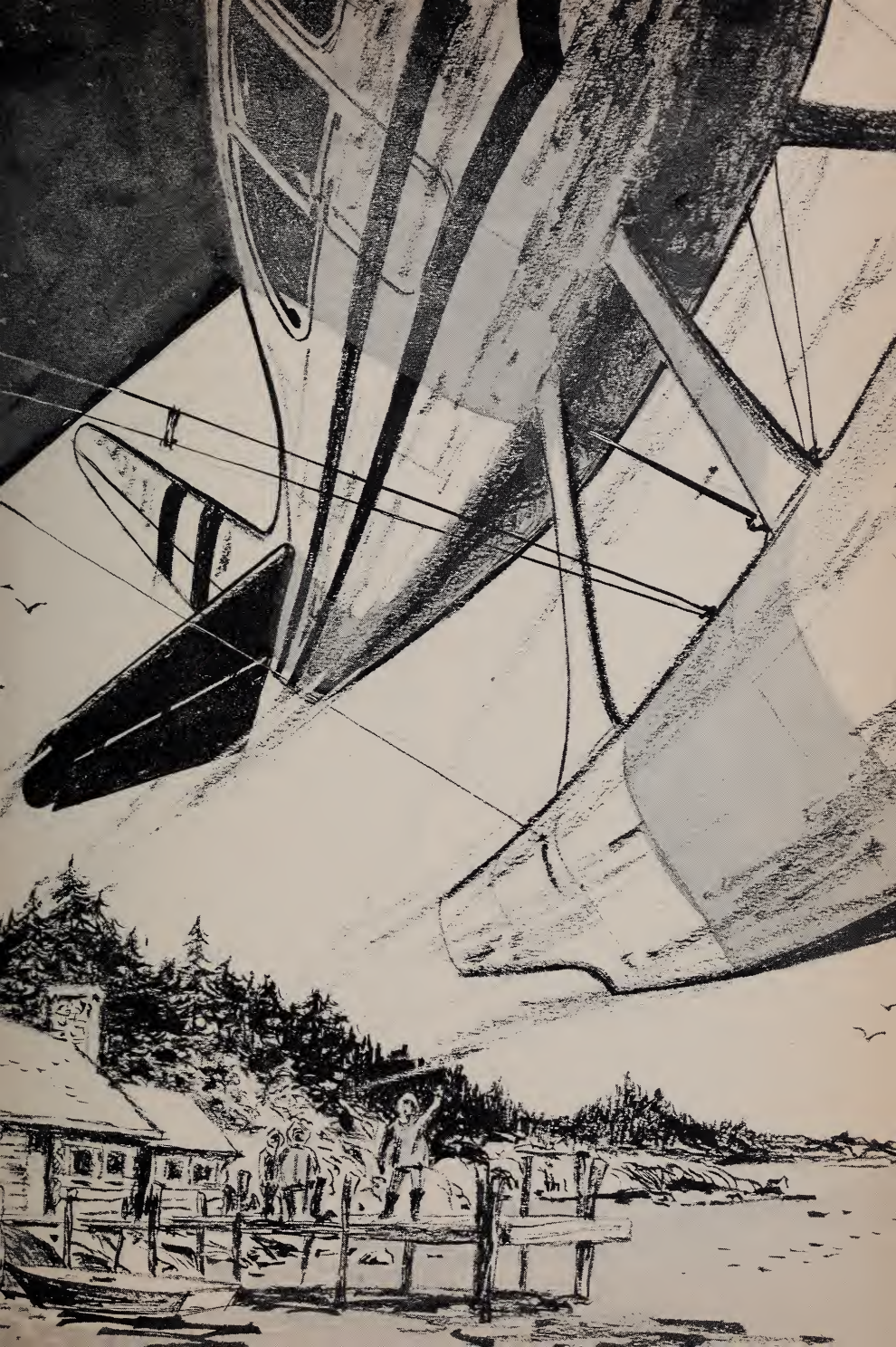
Her mother died when she was twelve. From that time she had the responsibility of raising the younger children and helping her father whom she followed on his long trap lines. With her brothers she hunted moose and caribou. Being the oldest in the family she had spent weeks on the inlet piloting her father's

fishing boat. At the age of fourteen she started flying the family plane. On her seventeenth birthday she passed her flying test and was issued a private license.

Two years ago her father remarried and he encouraged Mary Lou to go into nurses' training. During the tourist season she took part of her training at Dr. Parks' office in Keni. Besides her busy office schedule and her studies she played the church organ.

Mary Lou was going with Max Chesley, a tall blond giant in his early twenties. He had been one of her patients and she had given him such good care he wanted to know her. As a result, she got him going to church. He was converted at our

A beautiful gal from Hollywood can turn the head of a guy like Max, but in an emergency...?



fall revival and was a changed young man. Mary Lou was a great help to Max. She persuaded him to take up commercial fishing and to go into the guide business. He followed her advice and was doing well. He and Mary Lou were not engaged, but we all felt it was only a question of time until she would be wearing his ring. But that was before Florence Roberts came to town.

Florence and her mother had driven up from California. She was about twenty-two or twenty-three, a divorcee blessed with more than her share of good looks. Florence usually dressed like a TV star at a fashion show and she had the money to do it. She had signed a contract to teach at the Keni High School. But we soon learned she had more important reasons for coming to Alaska. When she saw the tall, handsome Max Chesley and learned he was one of the most eligible bachelors in the area, she set her sights for the tall viking.

It didn't take us long to learn that Florence was skilled in the fine art of handling men. With her bright red sports car and enticing ways she diverted the affections of Max from Mary Lou to her. I felt awful sorry for Mary Lou but I really couldn't blame Max. Florence was a college graduate and a real dainty-looking doll, while Mary Lou was somewhat the opposite. No girl that has done a man's work most of her life develops the slender figure of a feminine fashion model. Mary Lou hadn't. It's not easy for a girl who has worn man's

clothes most of her life to shift gears and dress like a maiden. Mary Lou had another weakness. She loved to eat and she showed it.

Mary Lou was heartbroken. She loved Max. Since his conversion, she had never even looked at another boy. Night after night she cried herself to sleep. In the morning, she prayed. In the office seemingly she was her smiling jolly self. Max always took Florence to church and in spite of this Mary Lou was at the organ every Sunday. The morning Max and Florence got up to sing a duet with Mary Lou accompanying them, I could see a tear roll down Mary Lou's face and splash on the keyboard. Mary Lou had spent a lot of time helping Max with his music.

MOST girls would have given up in the face of such odds, but not Mary Lou. She was still desperately in love with Max and she believed God was on her side. She played the game wisely and well. First, she went on a strict diet and lost a lot of weight. Then one afternoon she had to fly a patient into Anchorage. While she was there she visited a beauty shop and a dress shop. Sunday morning when she walked into church I didn't recognize her till one of the boys whistled, then I took a second look. It wasn't right for the kid to have whistled, but he certainly expressed the sentiments of us all. From where I sat I could see Florence bristle. I knew now the battle was not all one-sided. That evening Mary Lou invited a tall

young Medical student to the evening service. They were a handsome couple. Mary Lou was using her head. Max, I could see, was very uneasy and his eyes kept continually wandering in Mary Lou's direction.

The next morning moose season opened and I flew into Chesley's hunting camp. Max had three hunters from Texas and they each wanted a guide. That afternoon he instructed Harold, his brother, and I to take the planes and the two older hunters and fly inland and look for moose. He would take the younger man and hunt for grizzly in the camp area. I spotted a couple of moose and landed the plane in a small lake. The first bull was too small so we decided to go over the ridge and look at the other. When we got on top of the rise, it was five o'clock straight up. It is our policy as guides to check with each other at that time on our walkie-talkies. I put mine to my ear and it is a good thing I did. When I flipped the switch, Max's voice came in loud and clear. "I'm calling for Dr. Harry Parks at Keni."

I heard Mary Lou pick up the call. "I'm sorry, Dr. Parks is not in. He was called out on a maternity case and I'm not sure when he will be back. May I help you?"

I knew by Max's voice that something serious had happened. "Mary Lou," he yelled, I turned the volume down again to make sure my hunter didn't hear. "One of my hunters has been mauled by a grizzly. He is hurt bad. If I don't get him to a doctor quick he won't

make it."

"Where is Art and Harold?" she asked.

"Mary Lou," he yelled, "they're inland with the planes and I can't contact either one of them."

I couldn't answer for fear I might panic my hunter. For all I knew that young man might be his son. I could tell Max was getting more excited by the second. But no one could calm him like Mary Lou and she was doing it. "Where is the wounded man now?" she asked.

"Mary Lou, he is right here at base camp. The bear got him back of the cabin."

"Is he bleeding badly?" she asked.

"Yes, badly, and I mean badly."

Max was really begging now. Mary Lou had him in a tight spot. But he knew and I knew she wouldn't let him down.

"Get him down to the wharf and get some compression bandages on the wounds that are bleeding most. Over and out."

I KNEW just what she would do. Dr. Parks keeps two float planes in a pond back of his office. I knew she would close the office and fly out and pick up the wounded hunter. She knew just where the camp was, as she had flown in supplies for Max more than once.

I said to my hunter, "That was Max. He wants us back at camp right now." We hurried back to my plane, but I knew Mary Lou would be there before I could get back and, besides, the doctor's planes are equipped to carry stretchers.

My hunch was right. When I

came in over the trees, I could see the doctor's plane tied up at the wharf. Mary Lou was out tucking a blanket around the stretcher. By the time we got to the plane, Max and Mary Lou had the hunter on board. I heard Max ask, "Do you want me to go with you?"

"I don't need a co-pilot and I certainly don't need any extra weight," she snapped.

"But the weather report is not good."

"Well, it won't be the first time I have prayed my way in through bad weather." With those words she closed the window and pushed the starter button. She took off fast and climbed steady. Soon as she was airborne, I turned on my walkie-talkie and heard her calling Dr. Parks' office at Keni.

"This is Dr. Parks at the Keni Office. Where are you, Mary Lou?" The doctor's voice came in clear and strong.

"Doc. I am taking off from Cold Bay with a seriously wounded hunter. Been mauled by a grizzly. Lost a lot of blood and is in severe shock. What will I do?"

"Mary Lou, take him to White Lake at Anchorage. Will have ambulance waiting for you. Over," Dr. Parks ordered.

We watched the plane turn east. Then Mary Lou's voice came in again. "Am on the inbound omney beam for Anchorage. Altimeter 5,000 feet. Air speed 150. Over."

"Okay, Mary Lou, safe landing. See you in the morning if weather is good. Over and out," said Dr. Parks.

We sat in a shocked silence around the cabin radio, after Max told us how the accident happened and we found out that the young man was the son of my hunter. About an hour later the announcement came over. "We interrupt this program to bring a special report on Donald Lee, age twenty-five, who was seriously mauled by a grizzly this afternoon. He was given blood on his arrival at the hospital and is reported doing well. He owes his life to the quick thinking and fine flying of a student nurse, Mary Lou Muffet, who is assisting Dr. Harry Parks at Keni."

I noticed my hunter was shaking and wiping tears from his eyes. Then he broke the silence. "Only God knows how much a girl like that is worth in a country like this."

Those words really shook Max. He pulled me out of the cabin. "Art," he said and he was as pale as a corpse, "do you have any cash on you?"

"Max," I said "what in the world do you need cash for out here?"

"Art," he pleaded, grabbing me by my jacket collar, "if you really have to know, the banks are closed. And I have been a great big blundering idiot. I've let a pretty face from Hollywood drag me away from the only girl I can ever love. There is no use fooling myself. I can't live without Mary Lou. All I have I owe to her and if I am ever going to amount to anything in the future it will be because of her. If you'll lend me some cash and fly me into Anchorage right now, I will stay there till I get a ring on her finger, or I will

die trying.”

Right then I reached into my pocket and pulled out my wallet. I knew there was about \$400.00

in it. “Well,” I said, “if that’s what you’re figuring. Here’s my wallet, my credit cards, and the key to my plane. Take off.” ■ ■

How My Faith Has Helped Me in the Military

MY REAL association with the Lord started when I got out of boot camp training and went to my first duty station at NAF Andrews, Washington, D. C. There I found the Christian fellowship I longed for as I became a vital part of the chapel activities.

I became an usher. Then another thing happened to me. I fell in love with a wonderful girl and we were married. That was just 19 days before I had to leave for duty in Keflavik, Iceland, which was about 4,000 miles from home.

I was lonely at first but once again I became active in chapel and my loneliness disappeared. One snowy Sunday morning, the chaplain preached a most uplifting message that inspired me. I asked the chaplain if I could continue my work as usher and he said yes. I also held prayer meetings and fellowship services in my room and this brought all of us closer to Christ.

After 18 months in Iceland, I returned home and once when we were on our way from Ohio to Tennessee my wife went to sleep at the wheel and we had an accident. My wife received a broken vertebra and was ordered by the doctor to wear a brace. This event caused my wife to confess that she had been a backslider and she rededicated her heart and life to Christ.

After we were discharged from the hospital and returned home, I left to go to the USS *Essex* (CVS-9) out of Quonset Point, R.I. Once again my wife had to go to the hospital, this time with a nervous breakdown. But she is out now and has given up her brace.

So you see when one has faith in Christ and dedicates his life to him, things work out. I’d like to say that “all things are possible through prayer and through having faith in Jesus Christ.”

—Edward A. Linsmayer, SN, USN.

(USS *Essex*, CVS-9, FPO New York 09501.)

Making the Most of Your Military Experience

By Robert M. Cockerill

HOW OFTEN have you complained, or heard fellow soldiers complain, about life in the military service? Inevitably the complainers relate how well off they were in civilian life and how they are counting the days until once again they are free to do as they please. The days drag for these people much slower than for others.

Whether you are in the military by choice or through the draft system, the simple and plain fact is: You are in! You have two choices: 1) To sit and wait for the time to pass and merely fulfill the duties you are specifically assigned, or 2) to try to make the most of your military experience.

First and of primary importance is the fulfillment of your military duties. "Anything worth doing, is worth doing right..." Doing your duty often calls for doing more than you are told. To go the "extra mile" is as applicable today in the service as it was in biblical days. Let me suggest seven ways you can make the most of your military experience:

1. Take pride in your work.

Just as it is easy to form good work habits, it is easy, especially in the service, to form bad work habits. And these you will carry over into your civilian life. It is foolish to tear down in two or three years what you have developed over 18 to 25 years just because you feel sorry for yourself and the situation in which you find yourself.

Advice to non-career personnel

2. Set goals that you want to accomplish during your time in the service.

When obstacles are placed in the way of your goals, re-examine and evaluate your goals and if they remain worthwhile do not be discouraged but rather accept the challenge and "continue to march." Plan your tactics carefully and do not be impatient.

3. Take advantage of available wholesome activities.

In recalling your civilian experiences you think back on "the good times." If today is lacking the activity and the joy of life you once knew, it can be directly traced to your own lack of interest in re-creating "the good times." So take advantage of available wholesome activities. Of course you can't do everything, but if you sit around and do nothing on your off-duty hours, if life grows dull and uninteresting, you have no one to blame but yourself. A lot of worthwhile activities are going on around you and if you participate you will broaden your experiences and grow in wisdom. To find things to do it is not necessary to be stationed near a big, lively city nor is it necessary that you have a fat bankroll. The only necessary thing is the true desire on your part to make the most of your time.

4. Cultivate friends.

A wise man once said to me: "You will soon find the woman you will spend the rest of your life with. For her sake and yours, become as close to, and know as many friends as you possibly can. Friendship is one of the greatest gifts known (to give or to receive)." Where can you find a greater chance to develop more or a wider variety of friendships than in the service?

For many, the service is their first exposure to men from the rest of the nation. Every human relationship is a learning experience and in very few cases will you ever get a greater opportunity to meet and know friends with as many and as broad backgrounds as in the service.

5. Be on the alert.

The basic thought or advice I can give you is: Never allow

yourself to become lazy. Laziness breeds boredom and boredom breeds discontent and unhappiness. Never forget this.

6. Push hard.

Whether you are working for your own personal gain or whether you aim to help others, the more you do, the harder you push yourself, the more you can and will accomplish and the faster time will pass.

7. Never belittle your abilities.

Remember the words of Napoleon Hill, successful businessman and consultant, "Whatever the mind of man can conceive, it can achieve." Yes, even in the service—whether you are a Private E-1 or a General—you are still a human being with potentialities. Remember that you are capable of completely fulfilling all your God-given abilities. ■ ■

"Today, I Am One of You"

By A. Pearl Christenson

I STOOD alone. The misty haze hung low over the black mountains and the only sound I could hear above my shattered heartbeat was the groan of each wind-swept wave as it dashed headstrong against the jagged cliffs. The old organ in the tiny chapel brought tears to my eyes for it stood as a reminder to what I had once thought might hold a future for me. The dusty keyboard and the battered music lay before my hand. I had only to reach out, and through eyes filled with the depths of unsung melodies... to touch. The old Bible on the table bore an inscription. In golden letters were the words "Today, You Are One of Us." Had I been a

visitor entering these quaint portals, I would have been intrigued by these few words. But I was not a visitor, for circumstances had gone beyond human control, and by some unknown power, I had become "One of You."

I lay my hand upon the organ. The dust was thick and when I moved my fingers, a clear print showed the handmarks. How long I would be able to do a simple, childlike thing as this, only time would be a judge. How long I would feel the keyboard or turn a corner of some sheet of music was in the dark stages of my days ahead. I had no promise of a tomorrow...not that anyone really does, but then, most people do not face a veil of dim survival.

The silence of my thoughts was blended with sounds of gentle footsteps. Only my broken heart could cry, and the echo of my sobs mingled with the sounds of the waves dashing against the rocks. A hand upon my shoulder offered to share my grief, and I turned to accept.

OH, FATHER, why? Why me? I had so much to offer and now I can see only a naked horizon. I'm cooped up inside with notes waiting to be shared with the world. Now my world is torn to tiny bits of nothing."

"My child, it is not given to us to understand the will of His ways. Each one buried yonder under those wooden crosses asked the same question. Why me? But does it matter, really matter, how many days we are permitted to live?"

"But, Father, those wooden crosses mark graves of the past. I'm not past! I'm present! Here! Now! And I want to play music for the world, before grand audiences, and to hear thundering applause. I don't want my curtain to fall on a dead performance."

"My child, you must not weep over a future or a yesterday. Both are treasures. Life's precious moments loaned to you. Each day unto itself. When I first received the letter that you were coming to our village, I knew this moment would come, and I asked for wisdom to help you. I knew of your brother who died and how close you were. You had so few years together after he was wounded. He was broken in war, but his spirit was firm until the end. Did he know that he would survive the shells and gunfire only to become a disease-ridden bit of a man?"

"Oh, Father, he was so young. I wonder if he died remembering war and the faces of little children going unfed. The injustice of

it all! To go through living hell, then to live, yet die, of a raw, seeping mystery to man!"

"Thank God for your heritage, child. And for the days you have had with your family. They gave you the faith to move mountains. God will not forsake those who seek him, but you must humble yourself. Did you know that our people here love to sing? Greater music has never been sung than is lifted up by this family isolated here."

His hand left my shoulder, and having said only a few words, he slowly walked down the narrow steps of the chapel and into the path. Around his feet, a dusty cloud of sand formed a vision among the folds of his long, black flowing robe. In that brief moment, I caught a glimpse of the Son of God. It did not matter that his face was dark or his hand upon my shoulder black. He could have been anyone, but in that moment, he was traveling the desert sands of Galilee, seeking those who would follow Him.

So, I stood alone, yet not so. I had reached a depth of brotherhood not given to many. Though I was rich, I became poor. Though gifted, I became humble. The black cliffs yonder hold a mist only if I permit it to remain. The ravages of a Germany or a Vietnam, the muck and mire, hold no promise for some. But out there, beyond the reef, the hopes of newer and promising drugs lay in mankind.

One day, I might indeed play heavenly chords. This sore upon my leg is an earthly one, infested with human misery, segregating me because of its ugliness and contagion.

I closed the doors of the little chapel at Kalapaupa. Leprosy no longer frightened me. The organ beckoned. I sat down and played. ■ ■

HAVE YOU EARNED TOMORROW?

Is anybody happier because you pass his way?

Or is someone mighty grateful for a deed you did today?

Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?

Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?

As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say,

"You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today."

—By the mother of Corporal Donald C. Bolash.

They BUGGED Him to Death

By Wayne E. Oates

WE FIND it difficult through the written word to say what we *mean* in terms that we *feel*. This is especially true of the military person. The niceties of civilian language just do *not* say what needs to be said. One of the words that says what needs to be said in the way that we mean it and feel it at the same time is "bug," used as a verb. This is a form of action. Military men are men of action. When we say that someone has been "bugged" we usually mean that he has been irritated, aggravated, frustrated, harassed, and sniped at from every angle. We mean that his life has been made miserable. We mean that he has "had it," taken all that any human being can be expected to take without blowing his stack, popping off, and generally letting the world know that he feels the total injustice of his situation.

This must have been something of the feeling Jesus had when he went into the Temple and drove out the moneychangers. That incident was the sharp turn that he took toward the cross and the eventual horrible death that his enemies inflicted upon him on Calvary. We ask ourselves today what his death on Calvary means for us now. What does it mean that a man lay down his life, not just for his friends, but for those who harass him to death? What is the meaning of a sacrifice that even produces a prayer for those who bring the sacrifice into being?

The Few for the Many:
The One for the Many

Old Testament thought in Isaiah's time interpreted sacrifice in a way that has significant meaning even for our day, especially to the service-

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man. The cross, the death of Jesus, meant sacrifice. The few who were faithful to the commands of God and performed his bidding were sacrificed to sustain and protect the many who were rolling in undisciplined self-indulgence. Jesus, in the Book of Hebrews, is interpreted as the one who suffered outside the camp for the many who were safely within.

In a relative way, tempered by the fact that we are sinners, the person who becomes the "point man," the scout, the trailblazer, is the sacrificial offering in behalf of those who follow. Jesus is pictured in Hebrews as the author and finisher of our faith. In a more than pictorial sense, he is the captain of our salvation, the trailblazer, the one who goes ahead in our behalf.

In a very real way the men and women who suffer in Vietnam are a remnant of people who are either made or who volunteer to go where none of the rest of us go. They are people who suffer, bleed and die in almost unprotesting silence. In the meantime the rest of us are safe within the camp, and many of us profit from their suffering in more ways than we are willing to admit, much less record. This is a crushing example of the load of the many being borne by the participating few.

The Emptying of the Self

The cross of Jesus means a second thing. It means that he poured out his life for us. He emptied himself in our behalf. He took upon himself our form and entered into our con-

dition and died an even worse death than the one we die. Paul, in his magnificent letter to the Philippians, says that Christ took upon himself the form of a servant and became obedient unto death and that the death of the cross. He was made in the same likeness as we are made. He saw things from our point of view. He perceived, felt, and hurt the way we do. He died the way we do.

The military man experiences this when he sees his own superior officer subject himself to the same things he as a subordinate has to suffer. If he is a superior officer, he enters upon this when he participates in the same stresses as do the men whom he leads. The teacher experiences this when he takes upon himself just as tough a set of assignments as those he loads upon his students.

The exact opposite is the situation which Jesus observed in his contemporaries, the Pharisees. He said of them that they bound heavy burdens upon their followers and did not lift one finger to help them bear these burdens. This is the source of most "credibility gaps" in leadership situations. The man who is led has difficulty in believing in, trusting, and following the leader who uses his position and status as a means of exemption from the demands of discipline. The cross in the core of the leadership situation of both military and civilian life means just this: the leader empties himself of his prerogatives and participates in the plight and burden of those whom he leads. He

identifies himself with those whom he leads. He is both their "demander" and their supporter. He asks nothing of them that he does not ask of himself. They can learn from watching him better than they can from listening to him. This is the cross at work in the training situation and in the action situation.

Faithfulness Not Success

The cross, furthermore, demonstrates that Jesus had the courage and enjoyed the power of his own convictions. He did not become the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of a wordy prophet who, when put to the test of his own expressed beliefs, weasles out of them. He put his life where his protestations were. He meant what he said and said what he meant. His yea was yea and his nay was nay. He was the Word of God incarnate, in the flesh. He that had seen him had seen the Father. He was not primarily concerned with succeeding and achieving some external goal. He was committed to revealing his unique Being and calling under the heavenly Father. He was committed to being faithful to his own inner participation in the very character of God.

In turn, Jesus set forth in the story of the great judgment that this was the basis upon which we are to live. We are judged not as *successful* servants, but as *faithful* servants. We are to be faithful to the image of God in us, to the value Jesus himself laid upon as a person for whom he himself has died, and to the calling as Christians where-

with he has called us. Our own acceptance of ourselves and others should be based upon our and their fidelity to the highest integrity of our nature as children of God, not upon the external success of this or that venture, culturally shaped standard of success, or to this or that mark of prestige. In a real way this makes something of a nonconformist of us and many people will think of us as being contrary, "ornery," or even cantankerous. Yet we participate in the cross most intensely when we are willing to stand even isolation from the adulation and approval of others in order to be the person whom God has called us to be. Yet at the core of this isolation, we are doing so *in behalf* of those whom we resist and not merely in order to satisfy our own personal pride. This takes training, discipline, and self-control. The book of Hebrews puts it clearly when it uses a heavy athletic contest as a challenge to us in the face of the things that "bug" us, frustrate us, hinder us, and harass us:

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God (Hebrews 12:1,2). ■■

He stands best who kneels most.—

NEWS BITS

New Vietnam Film

World Vision International has released a film: "Vietnam: No Greater Love." Filmed entirely in Vietnam, under combat newsreel conditions, the film chronicles the heroism of people helping people in Vietnam. The 28½-minute film is presented in full color. International Hq. of World Vision is 919 W. Huntington Dr., Monrovia, Calif. 91016

The Golden Voice of the Senate

Acropolis Books, 2400 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009, has produced a record and a book on the Grand Old Man of the Senate, Everett McKinley Dirksen. The book bears the title *The Golden Voice of the Senate* and is written by Annette Culler Penney. The paperback edition is \$2.75. The record from Capitol Records is a recording of "Man Is Not Alone" and other words of inspiration by Senator Dirksen.

Appeal for Help

The Most Reverend Paul L. Seitz, Bishop of the Diocese of Kontum (South Vietnam), Care Box 507, Nashua, N. H. 03060, USA, has appealed—along with others—for aid to help orphans, and sick, and hungry little children of South Vietnam.

Daily Bible Readings

March

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Exodus	20:1-17
2	Deuteronomy	6:4-9
3	Matthew	5:1-16
4	Matthew	5:17-20
5	Matthew	5:21-26
6	Matthew	5:27-32
7	Matthew	5:33-37
8	Matthew	5:38-42
9	Matthew	5:43-48
10	Exodus	21:1-11
11	Philemon	1:1-25
12	Exodus	21:12-27
13	Romans	12:1-21
14	Exodus	23:1-9
15	Psalms	1:1-6
16	Matthew	6:1-6
17	Matthew	6:7-18
18	Matthew	6:19-34
19	Matthew	7:1-12
20	Matthew	7:13-23
21	Matthew	7:24-29
22	Romans	2:17-29
23	Romans	3:1-18
24	Romans	3:19-31
25	Romans	5:1-11
26	Romans	5:18-6:11
27	Romans	6:12-23
28	Romans	7:1-12
29	Romans	1:13-25
30	Romans	8:1-17
31	Romans	8:18-38

LO, MILEAGE MAXIM

Who sits behind the wheel
Where traffic's at stake
Finds driving's a good deal
Of quick give-and-brake.

—Dick Hayman

The Quiet Champion

THE SPORTS world has produced many types of champions, some who have held their title with little respect to what it represented, while others have held it as true champions should—one of these men who held the heavyweight boxing championship of the world with humbleness and respect from the fans was the great fighter, Joe Louis.

Joe couldn't have had a more humble beginning — his family lived in a broken-down wooden shack in the cotton fields of Alabama. As soon as he was able to, young Joe worked alongside his parents picking cotton.

The family later moved to Detroit, Michigan, and life in the slums was almost as bad as where they had come from. He attended public schools and reached the fourth grade before he decided to quit. His mother worried about him and made him enroll in trade school hoping he could adapt some kind of a trade with his hands. She even had him take up violin—instead he would sneak off to the local gym and take up boxing. He became so good with his mitts that he was spotted by a group of men who later took him under their wing and taught him the fundamentals of the trade. In 1934, he fought his first pro fight and won, receiving \$50 for his end of the purse. Two years later he was fighting for the championship of the world. Fate gave him a nasty setback and he was knocked out by Max Schmeling. Schmeling later boasted to the press that he would again knock out the Negro. Louis remained quiet. During their return match the boisterous German was hammered to a pulp in only 124 seconds!

The champion defended his title more times than any other title-holder in boxing history—and met and defeated 25 challengers in his 11 years of holding the crown. He earned millions of dollars and gave much of it to people who were “hard up.”

One can never forget the honest and sincere words he spoke to his mother after winning the title. “Mom, if I do anything to disgrace my race, I hope I die!” And true to his determination, this outstanding Negro has been a great champion and a credit to the human race.

—Mario De Marco



Vietnamese and American officials discuss the building of a school in Da Minh. **L-R:** LTC Rasmussen, district advisor; Vietnamese interpreter; Father Coung, village priest; LTC Rees, CO of 169th Eng Bn; Chaplain Brown; LT Than, district S-5 officer.

Civic Action Means a School

By Donald R. Brown

Long Binh, 18 miles northeast of Saigon, is in "pacified" territory—that is, an area controlled by the Allies, not the Viet Cong. Our unit, the 169th Engineer Battalion (Construction) was stationed in Long Binh and worked building the hospitals, barracks, and other temporary structures, other Army units needed for their base camps.

Working with our unit were about 500 Vietnamese employed under the Army's Civic Action program. Civic Action is designed to help the Vietnamese help themselves, by providing employment and other aid. Our unit became very active in Civic Action, and we came to know many of the local people quite well, or at least as well as is possible

GETTING TO KNOW THE VIETNAMESE

through an interpreter in a short time. I believe that Civic Action is a vital part of the war effort. Where Civic Action has been carried out, the people appreciate the Americans and their own government.

Civic Action was the answer to our desire to do something extra, above our normal duty, to help the people we saw about us.

During our first week, a "veteran" chaplain took me to see his unit's Civic Action village. The refugees I saw there were quite poor, but were not the starving people that we had seen in TV news stories.

They lived well below the level of sanitation most Americans would keep, but the homes were as clean as some I have seen in my country.

After a few visits to various parish leaders, we began to plan a school for Da Minh, the first in our area. The Vietnamese officials determined that the community had access to teachers if the school was completed. Then there was coordination with United States Assistance to International Development (USAID) officials. USAID provided cement and roofing, after some of their people de-

Digging a ditch where eventually a school will be.



terminated that there were no other plans for a school in that particular area.

Then came the American soldiers. There were as many different ways for them to help as there were men available. It could be a soldier taking his Sunday afternoon off to help prepare the ground for the start of the school building, or helping mix the concrete, or helping deliver bricks for the walls. It also involved giving money to help buy some of the materials that could not be obtained in any other manner.

We had some unusual problems. Just getting the materials to the site was a problem. The narrow, winding road to the village had been built for bicycles, not large American trucks. And to top it all off, the rainy season began about the same time as the construction.

There were times such as this that everyone wondered if the school would ever be finished. But when the foundation was finally completed, the remainder of the building went up quickly.

The roof was put into place by the village people themselves, on two Sunday afternoons. As the building neared completion, the enthusiasm of the village people increased markedly. The Sunday

prior to the dedication, the entire village (it seemed) turned out to clean up the area and do a limited amount of landscaping of the grounds. Less than four months after the ground-breaking, the school at Da Minh was dedicated.

We learned how Civic Action could—and should—work, at least for our unit, and where we were. Before I left Vietnam, two other schools were completed by our unit through Civic Action—three schools in seven months.

Because Da Minh and the other communities have their schools, I firmly believe that the people of that area are sympathetic toward the Americans, and the government of South Vietnam. That area will not soon be sympathetic to the Communist propaganda or the Viet Cong influence. The tiny bit that my unit did will have a gigantic influence on the future there. The children who attend classes there will know and remember who built their school. They will remember the story of the American soldiers who worked, who sweated, who ate and drank at their tables. They will remember that it was Americans who did this on their own time, because they wanted to help



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* * *

One trouble with marriage is that so often the parties marry their ideal, and it turns out to be an ordeal.—*Farm Journal*.

Lift Up Your Heart

The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do.—*The Magnificat*.

Society is being collectivized into a faceless mass and the big word is "conformity."—Vance Havner.

Discipline yourself so that others won't have to.—*The Christian Athlete*.

Prayer is resting for a while in God's greatness.—Harold E. Kuhn in *Thoughts Afield*.

Team Spirit: Crew glue.—Jean Farris.

The years are short, only the days are long.—Gene Fowler in *Quote*.

The hardest victory is victory over self.—*Construction Digest*.

I am really a great author. My only difficulty is finding great readers.—Frank Harris in *The Writer*.

When small men begin to cast big shadows, it means the sun is about to set.—Lin Yutang, *Personal Journal*.

Liberty is not the right to do what we choose; it is the responsibility to do what is right.—*Megiddo Message*.

Life is what is happening to you while you're making other plans.—Robert Balzer in *Think*.

An optimist is a man who marries his secretary thinking he'll continue to be able to dictate to her.—*Typo Graphic*.

Faith makes the uplook good, the outlook bright, the inlook favorable, and the future glorious.—V. Raymond Edman in *Moody Monthly*.

Man Who Led a Nation Out of Bondage

By W. J. Smart

EMERGENT peoples and the birth of new nations are familiar features of world life today, and the changes in modern maps are not so much geographical as political. Nations which had no names two generations ago have emerged from within the great powers and now hold proud places in the parliament of mankind.

Something like that happened over three thousand years ago when the Hebrews living in the Nile Delta obtained freedom to leave that great Egyptian empire to establish a kingdom of their own in Palestine.

Moses, one of the greatest leaders of all time, was born in social conditions of outstanding humiliation and suffering. It was not only a time of slavery for the Hebrews, but also a period of tyrannical and ruthless infanticide. Already the King of Egypt had enforced a policy of the harshest possible cruelty against the Hebrews, and then went on to decree that all male babies born to Hebrews were to be killed at birth by the midwives. When the Hebrew midwives refused to carry out the edict, the King laid the responsibility for killing Hebrew boy babies on all his people (Exodus 1:22).

Two questions arise immediately. First, why were the Hebrews in Egypt at all? And second, why was the Egyptian King so unre-

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Series for 1969: Next Month: Man After God's Own Heart

lenting and exceedingly cruel?

The answer to the first question carries us back to the days of Joseph, three hundred years before, who, at the expressed wish of the then Pharaoh, settled his father Jacob and family on the rich pasturelands at Goshen. They had left their home in Palestine by reason of the famine which swept over the Middle East. Permission to remain in Egypt was extended to the descendants of Jacob indefinitely. They practiced their own religion, were recognized as a people with a distinct faith, enjoyed royal protection, and were generally looked upon as a privileged people because Joseph had saved the whole Egyptian empire from starvation.

The answer to the second question—why was Pharaoh so cruel to the Hebrews at the time of Moses?—is twofold: 1. The Hebrew descendants of Jacob had multiplied during the preceding three centuries and Pharaoh thought that if they went on increasing at the same rate they might be strong enough one day to sieze power in Egypt, as the shepherd Hyksos had done in Joseph's time. 2. The King was a suspicious man and, although he had no grounds for doing so, he doubted the loyalty of these alien Hebrews. It is true that, strategically, Goshen could be turned into a bridgehead for invasion by Egypt's external foes and the Hebrews could have opened the gate of the castle, so to speak, to let the attackers in. They might even form an alliance with the invader by providing Hebrew males to fight with them. So the King decided to take time by the forelock; he would not drive the Hebrews out of Egypt because they were too valuable as a source of cheap labor, but he would crush their spirit by slavery, and he would minimize their military potential by the massacre of their male babies.

But the mother of Moses outwitted him. After hiding her baby for three months, she contrived to bring him to the notice of the Princess. Perhaps she had reasons for knowing that the Princess did not agree with the King's infanticide policy. In any case, she was sure that no woman could look on her son and want to kill him. It was a calculated risk that worked. When the Princess saw the child "she had compassion on him" (Exodus 2:5,6). Nearby the baby's sister had been keeping secret watch over him and, seeing the Princess's reaction, offered to fetch a Hebrew nurse.

So the girl went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this child away, and nurse him for me, and I will give you your wages" . . . and the child grew, and she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son; and she named him Moses . . . (Exodus 2:8-10).

Moses was now about seven years old, which marked the time of his legal adoption and the beginning of his formal education. He was given a tutor, and his daily instruction included learning to read and write in the picture language of Egypt, lessons in physical training, wrestling, singing and music, hunting and fishing. The seat of Egyptian learning at that time was the University of Heleopolis. After completing his course at Heleopolis, Moses returned to the Egyptian court to take up his life as an Egyptian prince. Tradition says that he commanded an Egyptian army with great distinction against the Ethiopians. He lived the life of an Egyptian prince for over thirty years.

His Egyptian principedom ended abruptly. He saw an Egyptian gang-master torturing a Hebrew slave and, waiting to catch the taskmaster alone, Moses slew him and buried his body in the sand, thinking no one had witnessed it. There was one thing Pharaoh would not permit under any circumstances; he would permit no one to interfere with the duties of the taskmasters. He had appointed them to inflict suffering where they thought fit, and he stood by them whether they were in the right or wrong. Moses knew he was running a big risk in killing a taskmaster, even if the taskmaster had merited it.

The next day Moses saw two Hebrews fighting and when he remonstrated with them, they resented his interference and asked if Moses was going to kill them as he had killed the taskmaster. Soon the story reached the ears of Pharaoh, and Pharaoh vowed to kill Moses, who fled into the land of Midian, where he served Jethro the priest for many years as his herdsman.

A NEW AND very distinct phase now began in the life of Moses. The question is often asked, where did Moses acquire his amazing knowledge of God? He got his knowledge of God from his mother, from the teachings and example of Akhnaton, from Jethro, from revelation, and from his own personal experience. For seven years his mother had him at her side and breathed into

his young heart her own Hebraic faith. When he was living in the palace he often heard contemptuous reference to the heretic Pharaoh who, over a century before, had tried to spread a new religion in Egypt based upon the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In Midian, Moses dialogued with Jethro the priest, and in the solitude of his work as a herdsman, Moses talked often with God. God spoke to him many times through nature, long before he heard God's voice at the burning bush.

But the burning bush began another distinct phase in the making of this significant leader. Quite obviously, his mind had been on the sufferings of the Hebrews in Egypt.

Then the Lord said, "I have seen the affliction of my people who are in Egypt, and have heard their cry because of their taskmasters; ... Come, I will send you to Pharaoh that you may bring forth my people, the sons of Israel, out of Egypt" (Exodus 3:7-10).

Moses was horrified at the thought of having to go to Pharaoh for such a purpose. No one knew better than he how difficult it would be to negotiate with the Egyptians for the liberation of the Hebrews. No one had more inside information than he in the political and military strength of the empire. No one was more familiar with the intense prejudice that was fostered and fomented against the Hebrews. In the grandiose building schemes of the King, the Hebrews had come to play a very big part as slave labor. Moses knew that it would require a miracle to get the Hebrews out of bondage.

But while he was realistic about all these problems, he was also realistic about the illimitable resources of divine omnipotence. Moses was by this time a deeply religious man. As he had led his flocks in Midian, reflecting on all he had learned many years before from his mother and also from the teachings of Akhnaton, he prayed that God might intervene to save the Hebrews. God was able to speak to the heart of Moses at the burning bush because Moses had often spoken from his heart to God in the solitude of his daily work. Countless times he had felt the presence of God in the beauty of nature, and it is not in the least surprising that Moses heard the voice of God in the beauty of a tree. Nonetheless, he still shrank from the task of going to Pharaoh until God said, "I will be with thee." He who speaks for God always speaks in God's presence, and whenever God gives men work to do he always

supplies the power and wisdom with which to do it. So Moses accepted the call to confront Pharaoh with God's command, "Let my people go."

Moses' negotiations with Pharaoh for the liberation of the Hebrews were long and hard. All the plagues and calamities which befell Egypt while the negotiations were in progress were attributed to the King's refusal to obey God's command. But finally Pharaoh agreed to let the Hebrews go.

Almost as soon as the Hebrews began their march toward the Promised Land—Canaan, in modern Palestine—Pharaoh changed his mind and sent his army to drive them back into bondage; but it was too late now; although they were trapped between Pharaoh's army and the Red Sea, God opened up a way of escape.

Having now got the Hebrews out of bondage, the task before Moses was to build up the morale of this emergent people, to lift them out of slave mentality and fashion them spiritually into a new nation. It would not be enough to give them laws and ethics, which he did in a superb way; but even more important, he had to impart to them a vital religious faith.

They learned through their experience in the wilderness years, through the divine gift of manna and water, that God was watching over them, upholding them and leading them; and Moses taught them their covenant relationship with God.

When Moses was advanced in years he asked God to let him go over and see the Promised Land, "the good land that is beyond Jordan." To reach the goal of all his strivings seemed a legitimate reward to ask, but that reward was not granted. It was the withheld completion of his life. From the top of Pisgah he was allowed to see it, and the last task God set him was to train Joshua to take over the leadership. "Encourage and strengthen him; for he shall go over at the head of this people, and he shall put them in possession of the land which you shall see" (Deuteronomy 3:28). His mission in life had been to lead people towards a freer and better life, and that mission had been accomplished. ■ ■

BUT WHO WANTS TO BE CALLED THAT?

When a young mother was asked what she wanted to name her baby she replied, "Since we live in a large apartment hotel, I'll name him 'Occupant.' Just think of all the mail he'll get."

—Wilfred Beaver.

Books Are Friendly Things

You Can't Kill the Dream by Malcolm Boyd, Eric Sevareid, and Bruce Roberts. John Knox Press. Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 23209. 1968. \$2.45.

Two beautiful essays by Boyd and Sevareid proclaiming that the true American dream is not dead; and backed up by photographs selected by photojournalist Bruce Roberts—over 70 pictures from 23 of the nation's top news photographers. Through the pictures you see the frailty and courage of Americans.

Daily Meditations by Stephen M. Joseph. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. 1968. 50 cents.

365 quotations from great thinkers and poets, past and present, from the ancient East and the modern West.

The Real and Only Life by Nancy Peerman. Word Books, Waco, Tex. 1968. \$3.95.

A beautiful book recounting a tremendous religious experience on the part of Bob and Nancy Peerman. Nancy found that reality does not come from tranquilizers and highballs, but from dedication to God. Get the book, read it, and pass it on.

Rabbi and Minister by Carl Hermann Voss. Association Press, 291 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10007. 1968. \$2.75.

Here is the story of a lasting friendship between two great American clergymen. Colorful, fiery, eloquent, provocative, Wise and Holmes were liberals in religion and politics during a turbulent period of world history.

Religion: Out or Way Out? by Will Oursler. Stackpole Books. Cameron & Kelker Sts., Harrisburg, Pa. 17105. 1968. \$5.95.

Oursler explores the changes and challenges confronting organized religion today—faith healing, jazz, situation ethics, the new liturgy, LSD, ESP, speaking in tongues, etc.

The War to End All Wars by Edward M. Coffman. Oxford University Press, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. 1968. \$9.75.

A comprehensive military history of World War I, telling primarily about America's part in fighting and winning that war, both on the battlefield and behind the lines. Memorable portraits of America's military leaders.

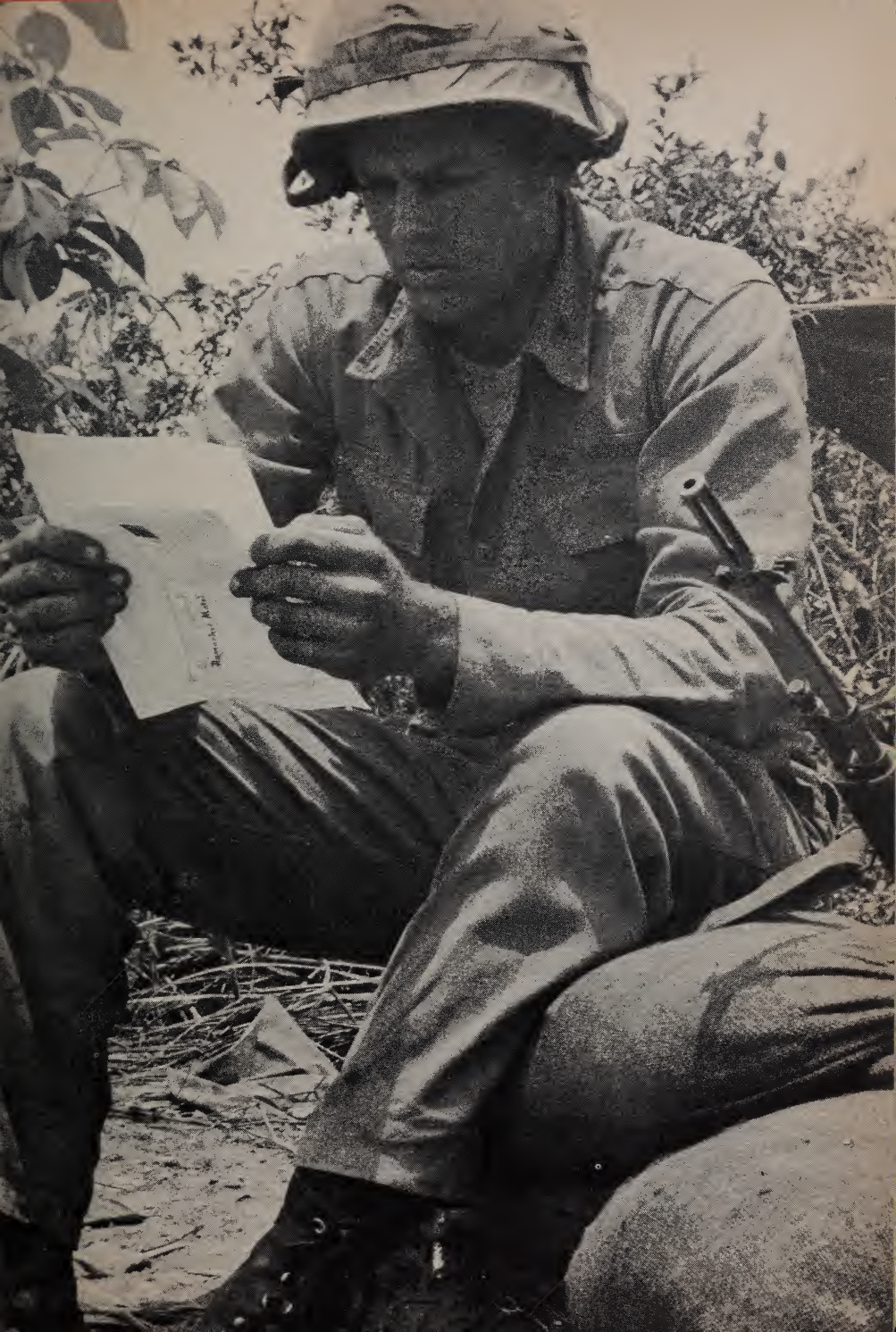
Sketches

By Ben Burroughs

IT'S GREAT to get a letter...From those who love you so...And whether they are long or short...They always make you glow...In every line your faith returns...To form a bridge between...The ones you love at home and those...Who haunt the battle scene...Though worried, worn, and weary...A smile lights up your heart...When mail call brings you tender words...From those so far apart...Yes, letters that we write to you...Reveal how much we care...We'll go on sending letters...By land and sea and air...We'll try to keep up your morale...No matter where you roam...For nothing makes you feel so good...As a letter straight from home.



One of the most welcome things to military personnel in Vietnam is mail from home. Here the fire team leader of the 2d Bn, Third Marines, reads his letter during a pause on Hill 278.



I Believe God Is

By W. Truett Walton

In analyzing any subject it is nearly always helpful, and often surprising, to look around you. I believe that God is the Power not ourselves who makes for beauty and purpose in nature, in life, in personality, and the rewarder of those who diligently seek him. From Halley's comet to the regular phases of the moon, the universe is full of mystery, beauty and order, and man is the observer of all these things. It was intelligent, painstaking man who invented the telescope through which he came to understand something of the planets and the stars in their courses. It was man, who, through looking around him, came to think God's thoughts after him. The great old philosopher Immanuel Kant was enjoying this same revelation when he said: "Two things fill me with awe,—the starry heavens above and the moral law within."

I Believe That God is the Author of Beauty and Art

It has been stated that 300 million people visited museums during the year. This figure is more impressive when you recall that this is considerably more than the total population of the United States. Why do so many people frequent and enjoy museums? Perhaps it is because there they see the handiwork of their fellow human beings. The evidence of their creativeness and power to imagine.

Even if one cannot paint a picture, he enjoys the work of those who do paint well. Talent and the appreciation of talent are strong evidence of an inherent love for things higher than the dull routine of mere living. And, this dull routine can be broken and relieved by looking up, by letting one's mind play on what has inspired others.

Once I was teaching in a small

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town high school and was taking the scholastic census. I came to the home of a family that had been critical and disagreeable toward me and at times hateful in their attitude. When I knocked the mother came to the door and told me promptly to go my way that I would get no information for the school records there. Through the open door I saw on the wall a very ordinary colored drawing of a flower which her third-grade daughter had made. I began talking about her daughter's ability to make something beautiful and the expression on the woman's face changed, her voice lost its harshness, and in a few minutes she gave me the full information about all the children's ages and signed the blank. It was the recognition of and appreciation for the child's art which caused the friendly cooperation of that mother. Whence comes this love for the beautiful? Animals do not seem to have it. I believe that it is God-inspired.

As this article is being written, I glance outside and see the ricks of firewood in our garden covered with morning glory blossoms giving a simple wonder to the day. Indeed they are fresh every morning and add charm and beauty to the world. How could these hundreds of blossoms and a riot of rich colors have been packed into those little unpromising black seeds which were planted some weeks ago? The belief that the blind force or the chance mechanism of an impersonal universe created such beauty fails as an answer. And these are but one

of the simplest of thousands of varieties of flowers which bloom with rich extravagance each year.

Christ once said: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" (Matthew 6:28,29). You can imagine someone in the crowd that day saying: "I have seen those flowers all my life and I just now realized their beauty, and that they make the countryside lovely." Then under the inspiring lilt and the inflection of the Master's voice hundreds of people became aware for the first time that the lilies spoke of God and his care for them. Their faith in God became more real because of what they saw around them.

I Believe That God is the Creator of Great Personalities

All through recorded history, and even before, there have arisen from unlikely places and unpredictable backgrounds many individuals who, by the impact of their minds, wills, and characters, have raised the level for others and changed history.

Most any historian would agree that Moses ranks among the great personalities of the ages. Educated at the king's court, he had the best teachers Egypt could afford. At one time in his life it looked as though he would eventually occupy the throne of Egypt and then could with one decree set free every Hebrew slave in the na-

tion, without the use of a single weapon. But he took a short cut to oblivion, so it seemed at the time, slew an Egyptian taskmaster, and fled to Midian where he got a job as a shepherd.

The casual observer would have written him off as another young man of promise who missed his chance and whose future was behind him. But a strange thing happened. After having herded sheep for forty (many) years over much of the country through which he was later to lead an expedition of Hebrews, a terrific experience in the open country shook him up. Over his own reluctance he was commissioned through a call he could not explain, except that it was from Almighty God, and that he was promised the presence of the Almighty in the seemingly impossible task of freeing the Hebrew slaves. However, through a strange series of providences he succeeded in leading the mightiest walkout of free labor in the history of the world, and he became the lawgiver for the emerging nation. The only explanation which satisfies the inquiring mind is that God worked through Moses to accomplish his purpose. Let anyone who has another explanation lay it beside the biblical account for comparison and see which rings true to the experience of the race and the events of that day.

When you look back at history again, there stands Socrates the great Greek philosopher of the fifth century B.C. It is difficult to account for this most unusual man

and his giant intellect. His father, tradition says, was a sculptor and his mother was a midwife. Little is known of his education. He became a plain champion of the truth when error was safer and more profitable. Seeing his fellowmen debauched by giving allegiance to mythical pagan gods, he taught his students that there was one living God to whom he prayed. You cannot account for a man like Socrates as a biological accident or on the basis of simple heredity.

Most any album of the great personalities of the world would include Albert Schweitzer, 1875-1965. Having achieved recognition as a theologian, acclaim as an organist, and fame as the world's foremost authority on Bach's music, Dr. Schweitzer felt a call to the mission field. He went to the University of Strasbourg medical school and was graduated a full-fledged medical doctor in 1913. Soon thereafter he and Mrs. Schweitzer went to the jungle of French Equatorial Africa. There they gave their lives as medical missionaries. The thousands who became their patients in that faraway land were aided to better health and lifted to more noble living and blessed in their thinking as this great physician shared with them his simple faith in God. The whole Christian world still feels the inspiration of his unselfish life, and one cannot explain this giant character aside from God.

Take time to read one of Schweitzer's books such as, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*.

I Believe That God Was Revealed in Jesus of Nazareth

The clinching proof that God is comes to us through Jesus of Nazareth, for Jesus revealed God through his words, through his deeds, and through his sacrificial death.

Christ came from a family which was entirely without religious preference or prestige. He grew up in a village which had a very poor reputation. He came from a working man's home where he and every member of the family suffered all the privations of that day. He grew up without the training of the rabbinical school, yet he astounded the rabbis and priests and scribes. When they could not answer him they resorted to ridicule and tricks of speech in an effort to bankrupt his influence. But those efforts boomeranged as in the instance of the man born blind (John 9:30-33), and the question about paying tribute to Caesar (Luke 20:19-26).

The common people heard him gladly for he refreshed their minds and hearts, and gave them hope, and they drew strength and courage from him. Occasionally a tax collector whose cheating, grasping heart had eaten itself out and left an aching void, found Christ the answer to his longing, and the means of changing his life completely. Two of these joined the

ranks of his enthusiastic followers (Luke 5:27,28). There were those whose lives were bankrupt by immorality who through repentance and faith in him, found that a wondrous change had come over them, enabling them to live clean, honorable lives. Some who had lost the kindly light of reason found it restored through the power of God in him. Even the enemies of Jesus of Nazareth said: "No man ever spoke like this man" (John 7:46). Could it have been the imagination of the Gospel writer when he wrote that "the throng heard him gladly?"

Even now, more than 1900 years later, he continues to redeem each one who in loyal, reverent, obedient trust asks his forgiveness and guidance. When this experience is repeated over and over again in the lives of millions, it is ridiculous for any one to say that any item of this record is the result of wishful thinking.

So Christ continues to make God real for every humble-minded person who opens the door of his heart to him. And, after all these years of testing and proof the best interpretation of Christ comes from a former enemy and unbeliever, Saul of Tarsus, who became Paul, when he wrote: "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself" (2 Corinthians 5:19). ■ ■

These free and easy days you can easily get a card admitting you almost anywhere, but no other card can take you to the exotic, inspiring, out of this world places that a library card can.—Gene Yasenak.

Grace Darling Was Her Name

By Harold Waters

"Live or die, we must make the try"

Wake up, Grace, lass!" shouted the stocky, bearded man in the sou'wester and oilskins to his sleeping daughter. "We've got to get the courtyard secured before things wash away on us down there. There's just no letup in this storm." He was William Darling, Keeper of Longstone Light, five miles off the Northumberland coast. His daughter Grace, 23, was a slight, shy, slip of a girl. Longstone Light, an 80-foot tower, was set right in the middle of a cluster of sharp-fanged rocks known as the Farne Islands.

It was now well past midnight of September 7, 1838, and the storm which had come up at sunset of the previous day was fast working up to full gale strength, whipping up great graybearded seas which hurled themselves against the base

of the tower with sledgehammer blows. Already the rising water was licking at the little railed space at the bottom of the tower which served as a courtyard for the keeper, his wife, and daughter. It was a place where they could sit and soak up some sunshine on those all too rare clear days. Here were kept washtubs, a small table and chairs, ladders, clotheslines, even a hutch with a few of Mrs. Darling's pet rabbits. Here, too, swinging from its davits was a small four-oared boat known locally as a coble.

"I'll be down in a few minutes, Father," said the girl, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. While she hurriedly dressed she could hear the storm shrieking outside the six-foot thick walls of her tiny room and feel the tower itself shiver and quake from the onslaught



of the gale-lashed seas. For all her apparent frailness, Grace Darling was a tower of strength to her father when it came to performing the daily routine chores of an isolated lighthouse in active commission. She stood watches up in the tower, tending the beacons that flashed their warning signals to mariners to stand well clear of the treacherous Farnes. Like her father and mother, Grace was born to the "wickie" trade. Lightkeepers of those days were called "wickies" because they had to constantly trim the big whale oil-burning lamps used as beacons.

Clouds of flying spray swept over Grace and her father as they struggled to make the little courtyard secure against the storm. Soon they were drenched to the skin. All movable things were brought inside the tower and stowed in a general utility room used for that purpose. Their hardest task was securing the boat itself, gripping it against a strongback between the davits, thus making sure that there was no slack which might have permitted the boat to work loose and be carried away by the storm.

Longstone Light had, in the circumstances, been made about as snug as it was possible against the mounting fury of the night. Up in the tower Mrs. Darling was tending the great flashing lights. Her husband would relieve her at 4:00 A.M., but he would only have to stand about two hours of his normal four-hour watch, as by six it would be full daylight. After her warming cup of tea, Grace went up

to her room and prepared to resume her interrupted sleep. William Darling decided to catnap for an hour, stretching out on a cot in the cozy kitchen.

Longstone Light had been built twelve years before. No longer did the Farnes and their dangerous reefs and barely submerged rocks hold the same terror for mariners as of old. Its operation had cut down considerably on the heretofore heavy incidence of wrecks, especially during the winter months. Longstone's principal beneficiaries were the small steamers and sailing vessels of the coastwise trade.

Life flowed along in fairly smooth channels for Grace Darling and her family, and they lived perhaps much better than the average shoreside family over on the mainland. Fresh provisions were brought out to them from Bamburgh, only five miles away, by lighthouse tenders at regular intervals. There was plenty of fish in the surrounding sea, oysters and mussels to be pried off the rocky pinnacles of the Farnes, and the area was famous for its big succulent lobsters. Only a few hundred yards away was Brownsman Island, where browsed a small herd of goats which kept the Darlings well supplied with fresh milk. One of Grace's chores was to row over to Brownsman Island every morning and milk the goats. Passing yachtsmen and fisherman would often drop by Longstone and leave newspapers and magazines. Then, as now, wickie folk, aside from

their isolation, lacked little in the way of amenities. When the time came for marriage, Grace would marry a young wickie who either had a light of his own or would be due for one in the near future. Wickies were a clannish lot, seldom marrying outside the clan. Both Grace's mother and father came from a long line of wickies.

Grace, before undressing took a final look through her window at the wild tumult raging without. In the flashing beams of the light sweeping out over the angry sea, she could make out the outlines of some of the more prominent among the Farnes group of island rocks. One of these was nearby Harkers Island, at the base of whose towering cliffs was a veritable maze of deathtraps, barricade after barricade of pinnacled rocks and row upon row of submerged reefs. Then Grace saw something that brought her up with a start, causing her to gasp in disbelief. Rockets were ascending from a point very close in to the Harkers, streaking high into the black sky, there to burst into red, white, and green clusters. The significance of this was not lost on her. Because of her wickie background she knew that there had to be a wreck out there, that some ship, despite Longshore Light's warning flashes, had blundered into grievous trouble. Looking closer, this time with a telescope, she made out the wreck, a medium-sized steamer which she had no great difficulty in identifying as *Forfarshire*, a paddle-wheel steamer on the Dundee-Hull run. *Forfar-*

shire, who passed close to Longstone on her regular daylight runs, was like an old friend to Grace and her family. *Forfarshire*, Grace recalled with horror, also carried passengers.

She hurried down to the kitchen and, waking up her father, told him in calm, even tones what she had just seen, that a ship and her people were in grave peril out there in that terrible night.

"Are you sure, lass," said William Darling, "you haven't been seeing things? You know, like shooting stars?"

By way of reply, Grace handed him a telescope, inviting him to look for himself. Her father, walking over to the kitchen window put the telescope to his eye, pointing it in the direction of the Harkers, where rockets were still streaking aloft from *Forfarshire*.

"'Tis a job for the Bamburgh lifeboat stations," said her father, shaking his head. "That's what they're trained and equipped for, to handle wrecks. And there's two lifeboat crews over there on the mainland, close by Bamburgh. Trouble is, lass, I doubt if their lookouts can see the rockets in all that dirt out there tonight. Visibility's less than a mile, I would say. Worse, we have no way of getting word to the lifeboatmen of a ship being in trouble out here."

"Even if they could see the rockets," Grace pointed out to her father, "they'd never make it out here tonight, not with the gale right out of the east, blowing directly in their faces. They'd more

likely drown themselves trying to pull through seas such as are raging out there tonight. And if one of the crews did make it, they'd be too far spent to do much good."

All of which was only too true. The five-mile pull would have been a superhuman task, one taxing to the utmost the strength and courage of even the most skilled oarsmen.

"It's at least 300 yards over to where *Forfarshire* is wrecked," said William Darling, "and for us to try and make it to her side would be simply out of the question. We'd probably be lost making the attempt. And that would leave no one here but your mother to carry on. Remember this blow could last for as long as a week. It's not only ourselves we must think of, but the continued service of the light. That's what our job is out here—to keep Longstone in operation. If we didn't, there could be more wrecks before the gale blows itself out."

Which was also equally true.

"But we must go, Father," said Grace, settling the matter. "Live or die, we must make the try. After all, we're wickie folk. It just wouldn't be in our blood to sit safely here on Longstone and watch all those people drown out there tonight."

Maybe it was Grace's appeal to their wickie heritage that decided William Darling on making a rescue attempt. "Go up in the tower and ask your mother to come down and give us a hand to get the coble launched. We'll need help in get-

ting the boat away this night without smashing it up alongside the courtyard's bulkheads."

"That's the spirit, Father," approved Grace. "That's the way our fellow wickies would have it."

Getting the coble lowered and waterborne was a superhuman task in itself, one that would have been impossible of accomplishment but for the help of Mrs. Darling, who had come down from her post of duty in the lamp room to lend a hand. The tide had meanwhile risen, making it easier for the gale-lashed waves to reach up and flood the tiny courtyard with white foaming water, so that the Darlings soon found themselves wading through waist-high cataracts. Getting the boat away from Longstone's steep sides without getting it stove in called for the utmost in seamanship, and Grace and her father had it in abundance. Dawn was breaking as the coble, buffeted by mountainous seas, set out from the lighthouse.

"It'll be your fault, Grace, if anything happens to you and your father!" were Mrs. Darling's parting words. "I can't manage this light alone...!" Her words were swallowed up by the howling wind.

What lay ahead was not a straight pull of 300 yards or so over to *Forfarshire's* helpless hull, but a torturous, twisting passage of at least a mile, leading through a maze of pinnacled rocks, submerged reefs, and ledges. It was like running an obstacle course, with swift and certain death being the penalty for taking a wrong

turning.

Seating herself on a midships thwart beside her father, Grace unshipped her oar and began to pull vigorously, synchronizing her stroke with that set by her father. Like all wickie girls, she was born, as the saying went, with an oar in her teeth. Rowing, smallboat handling, it was all old stuff to her.

There were times when they could not see 50 yards ahead of them, so thick was the driving spume and spindrift. At other times their coble was down in the troughs of giant seas whose curling crests and sloping sides threatened to collapse on them at any moment. It was a hellish pull every inch of the way, the old, old story of man against the sea. There was no time to rest on their oars, not unless they wanted their boat to swamp, and that would have been followed by quick drowning for them both.

It was a struggle every inch of the way, and there were times when they were making no headway at all; when for every foot gained, they seemed to lose two. Grace seemed to be possessed of fantastic strength that day, matching her father, a powerful oarsman, with stroke for stroke.

From a small group of survivors huddled on a wave-swept ledge near the forward end of *Forfarshire's* broken hull, the wreck having by this time collapsed into two sections, came a shout of, "For the Lord's sake, there's a lassie in the boat that's come to fetch us. God bless her stout heart and that of the man beside her." This was

followed by a feeble cheer.

"How many of you there?" asked William Darling, bringing the coble close to the ledge. "We can handle five on the first trip."

"There are only nine of us left," shouted a sailor-survivor. "What happened to the others we're not sure. There were 63 all told, passengers and crew, when we sailed from Dundee. Most of 'em got away in lifeboats, but we fear they were lost..."

Only nine survivors of the 63 that had sailed with the stricken ship! That was indeed a terribly heavy casualty list. What happened to the other 54 was not to be sorted out till much later, until the Board of Inquiry sifted the facts behind one of the worst tragedies to occur off England's East Coast for many a year.

Threading his way through a cluster of sharp-fanged rocks, William Darling brought the coble along the lee side of the wave-swept ledge on which the survivors huddled. It was a superb feat of seamanship. One glance at the condition of the frightened victims and William Darling knew that they would have to be helped into the boat. Leaving Grace to keep the coble alongside, her father climbed onto the ledge. Keeping the boat alongside in the heavy surge and wash kicked up by the raging sea called for great skill, endurance, and reserves of strength. One false move on the part of Grace and the small boat's sides would have

been stove in, shattered against the rocky ledge, splintered into so much matchwood.

"Bear a hand, lass," said her father, as he lifted the first of the survivors off the ledge and passed her into the boat. She was a badly injured woman and was babbling incoherently in what appeared to be a shock-induced delirium. Grace saw to it that the woman was wrapped in blankets which she had taken from her own bed before leaving Longstone.

A male passenger with a broken leg was next passed down into the boat. He was followed by three other men, all of whom turned out to be sailors. The sailors were to prove a welcome addition to the coble, and William Darling was quick to impress them into service at the oars.

Shipping the rudder for the return trip to the lighthouse, her father and the three sailors at the oars, Grace steered the little boat back through the maze of sharp-fanged rocks and clutching ledges, through great smoking seas, retracing the route taken by her father, back to the safety and comfort of Longstone. It was a feat of small boatsmanship in the very best of wickie traditions.

Waiting for them was her mother, skirts lashed to her body against the howling wind and wearing hip-length seaboots. The courtyard was still awash, still being swept by raging seas. Grace was first out of the boat, to help her mother with the injured man and woman. Then William Darling and the

three sailors pulled back to the wreck for the remaining victims.

All survivors were taken into the warm kitchen, which had been pressed into service as a first aid station for the injured, and where such hot stimulants as tea, cocoa, and broth were served. This was followed by a hearty meal for the few who could keep it down. All of *Forfarshire's* victims were then put to bed under warm blankets to await abatement of the storm and transport over to the mainland.

Later in the morning, while the Darlings were themselves settling down to a hot meal in the cozy kitchen and discussing the events of their harrowing night, Grace happened to look out through the window and there, through the flying spindrift, she saw a boat approaching. At first she thought it was one of *Forfarshire's* missing lifeboats with survivors. Then, as the boat drew closer, she identified it as the lifeboat from Sealhouses Lifesaving Station, one of the two located over on the mainland. The lifeboat was still making heavy weather of it. Its gallant crew had fought their way five miles of mountainous seas, only to find their work already done.

The brave lifesavers were themselves almost at the end of the rope, so exhausted were they from the rigors of their long pull. All were sorely in need of succor. Some were so spent that they had to be lifted out of their boat. At that, it was a tremendous feat to have rowed so far under such ex-

tremes of weather. The Lifeboat's Coxswain very wisely decided not to attempt the long pull back to their station until such time as the storm subsided. Meanwhile he and his crew received from the Darlings the same brand of open-hearted wickie hospitality as that accorded *Forfarshire's* survivors.

It was three days before the weather cleared sufficiently to permit help to come from the mainland. The storm, whose winds had reached hurricane strength at times, had been the worst to strike that part of the coastline in fifty years.

Six more survivors were picked up by a small sloop a week later. They were six sailors and one passenger whose lifeboat had somehow miraculously escaped impalement at the hands of the jagged Farnes.

There were the usual sharp criticisms and recriminations. The Marine Board of Inquiry naturally wanted to know why a steamer under her own power had blundered into the deathtrap that was the Farnes, when that menace of safe navigation had been plainly marked by a lighthouse. But there was no one to bring before the board, no one to penalize, *Forfarshire's* captain and all his officers having perished that awful night.

The only bright and redeeming

part played in the entire grim tableaux was that played by the Darling family.

Grace, somewhat to her embarrassment, for she was a naturally shy girl, found herself a national heroine. Subscriptions were organized for her and for her father, a substantial purse being raised. Gifts and tributes poured in upon the Darlings from all over the nation. The Royal Humane Society presented her and her father with gold medals in testimony of their brave deed in saving so many lives from the peril of the sea. The National Lifeboat Institution presented them with silver medals. A letter of commendation arrived from Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria. The British, a sea-minded people, could not do enough for the brave wickie team of father and daughter. A song, "Grace Darling Was Her Name" was composed in her honor.

For Grace, to the end of her short life—she was to die of tuberculosis four years later—was to remain extremely modest throughout all this acclaim, even to refusing to go on a national tour and show herself to the people of the cities and towns. She disclaimed it all, saying that what she had done was only to be expected of a person born to the wickie tradition.



LET'S GET IT STRAIGHT

"I wish I had the money to buy an elephant."

"Why? What would you do with an elephant?"

"Who wants an elephant? I just want the money."



BONDAGE

By Emily S. Shankin

Norman had been offered a junior partnership which he was afraid to accept

THE LETTER offering Norman Greer the junior partnership was there when he arrived back at the dorm after Torts. Norman stared at it—a *junior partnership in the law firm of Gilbert, Lenk, and Cartwright*. But beneath his jubilant elation fear twisted in him.

“Man, that’s great!” his roommate, Red Portman, exclaimed, looking up from the desk where he was studying. “You lucky guy! With top 3 percent grades and recommendations from the Dean! Now you won’t have to take one of those corporation offers of a legal department job. Man, do I envy you!”

Norman knew Red was right. He was very lucky. Actually, it was the realization of a dream. But now that the dream was reality, the old familiar fears—his self-doubt and lack of confidence—were plaguing him. More than anything else in the world he wanted to accept the partnership, but there would be less worry and less responsibility if he went into a corporation and took orders from someone else.

What should he do? Unhappy thought, but a man had to face up to his limitations. *Know thyself*, the ancients had wisely said. Well, he’d better take time to think it over before making up his mind.

That evening he received a long distance call from his mother in Dallas. “Honey, we’re counting on your coming home for Easter holidays,” she said brightly.

Norman had a thing about going home. Though he loved his father he didn’t like to be around him.

“I’m snowed with assignments which I planned to do over Easter,” he hedged. “Law graduation’s not the snap academic was. I’ve found that out.”

The trouble was that he felt diminished in his father’s presence. His father was Seth Greer, heroic flier of World War II, now senior jet pilot with Oceanic Air Lines, nicknamed “Tops” by the other pilots. They, like Norman, recognized Seth Greer’s superiority, his hard-driving ability, his intrepid courage and unlimited self-confidence. As far back as Norman could remember, he had worshipped his father for his adventurous courage and confidence—and felt inferior to it.

After he got his bachelor’s degree, yearning to be like his father, he’d seriously considered applying for an Air Force commission, but—there was no denying it—he’d been too afraid. “What you need is Dad’s guts,” he had told himself contemptuously.

“You know Dad’s retirement will be the day after Easter,” his mother went on, “and I think it will help him for you to be here.”

Norman’s laugh said he knew his mother was pulling a fast one. “Dad’s known for years he would retire this spring. He’s been looking forward to running the ranch and breeding Brahmas. And he’s never in his life needed help from anyone least of all, from me.”

“Well, I need you,” his mother replied, and something in her voice made Norman stop laughing and say he’d come.



WHEN they met him at the airport, his parents seemed their usual animated, extroverted selves. His father, dark, broad and muscular, looked, Norman always thought, like a man built for adventure, in contrast to his own thinness and light coloring which were like his mother's. Her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure when she kissed him and looked him over, and Norman decided with tolerant amusement that she really didn't

need him—she just wanted her only child around for Easter.

On the drive home overwhelmed by his customary sense of inadequacy around his father, he found it hard to make conversation. But his mother chattered on brightly about the ranch. "...More trespassers scattering trash and leaving gates open...just don't respect private property...but the place looks wonderful! All freshly painted. We'll drive out there tomorrow

afternoon," she said eagerly. "Today's Dad's retirement ceremony," she glanced at her watch, "in about three hours."

Norman felt a stab of dread. He hated being put on display in a crowd where people would be comparing him with his father.

But three hours later he was seated on the platform with his parents, listening to eulogies about his father which warmed his heart. If anyone deserves them, Dad does, he thought. They presented Seth with a silver tray, engraved, "To Tops, who has what it takes."

When the formalities were over, one of the men came up with a group and, slapping his father on the back, said laughingly, "Hey, Seth. That young little Miss Akers in the Ticket Department said you certainly were a nice *old* gentleman."

With a chuckle his father replied, "All right. All right. Have your fun. Just remember while I'm sitting out at the ranch sipping cool beverages, you guys'll be slaving away in the sky overhead."

What I would give, Norman thought, for Dad's smooth assurance. It must be really great to always be on top of everything.

BACK home, sitting with his father in the den while his mother prepared dinner, the deer's head looked down at him from over the mantel; the swordfish was mounted on the opposite wall. Pictures of his father with his squadron in the war and later pictures in Greenland, Singapore, Pakistan

covered the walls. Norman marveled once again at his father's sense of adventure and wondered how a man acquired that kind of confidence which made him push forward to seek life, unafraid of whatever came.

"You know," Seth said musedly, sitting in the leather chair the other side of the fireplace, "something like this hits you. You look forward to it, think you're prepared, and tell yourself it won't. But it does."

Norman glanced at his father in surprise and saw that he looked suddenly very tired and weary—the sparkle was gone from his dark eyes, and his broad face seemed drawn with lines deeply etched.

"It's the end of something," his father went on heavily. "Not the end of life or pleasure. But the end of what you'll become. I've never amounted to much, but you will. You've got brains—a real egghead. That's what it takes. I've always known that."

"That's absurd!" Norman exclaimed. "You're—"

But his father raised his hand and interrupted him. "No more! They've been saying how great I am all afternoon."

Norman stared at him in shocked disbelief. It didn't seem possible that his father could feel any inadequacy—his father, Seth Greer, hero of World War II, top pilot with Oceanic, idol of his friends and loaded financially. It simply didn't make sense. Perplexed, Norman pondered it, searching for the lawyer's logical answers.

Could it be, he thought finally,

that every man felt inadequate to something? In spite of his achievements? Norman ran an amazed hand over his thin face. His mother had known how his father felt. That was why she urged him to come home.

Norman stared thoughtfully at the bowl of bluebonnets on the coffee table. So—Dad hadn't always felt on top of everything; he'd just pushed on regardless. He didn't get rid of inadequate feelings; he learned to live with them, rose above them, moved forward despite them.

"No more about me," his father said, shaking his dark head with a wry smile, dismissing the subject with finality. "You haven't told me about yourself. Any plans yet? For after graduation?"

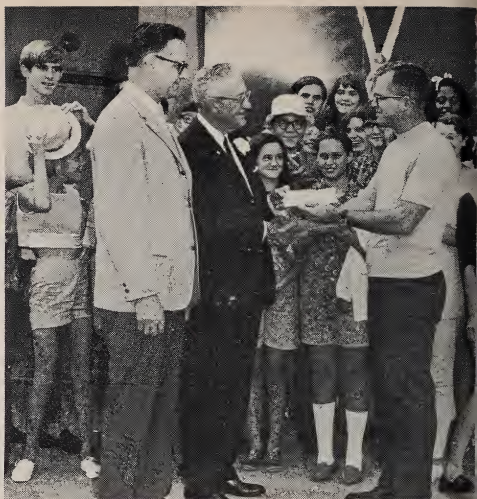
Norman told him about the corporation offers and the one of a junior partnership in the law firm. "I'm going to take the junior partnership," he heard himself say and was astonished that he felt so confident about it.

"You'll make a *great* lawyer," his father said passionately. "You've got what it takes."

Maybe great...maybe not so great. That wasn't too important, Norman thought. The big thing was: he had the confidence to try. What a wonderful feeling it was! Like release from a crushing bondage! ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 28, 29, 62, U.S. Army; page 39, Dept. of Defense; page 60, U.S. Navy; page 61, U.S. Air Force.



CHAPLAIN PRESENTS CHECK TO ALIVE, INC.

Chaplain Calvin W. McCarter (right), Laredo AFB, Laredo, Tex., presents a check covering the Protestant chapel offering to San Antonio Mayor Walter W. McAllister in front of the Alive Pavilion at HemisFair 68. Also present is Dr. Carl H. Moore (left), chairman of the Christian HemisFair Committee for Alive, Inc., and vice-president of the San Antonio branch of the Federal Reserve. Mr. McAllister is also a member of CHC.

The happy group of young people, all dependents of military personnel, spent the day visiting the many pavilions.

During the six months that the Moody Institute of Science films were shown, almost 500,000 persons visited; 123,563 stayed for the Conference Room talk; 2,883 made decisions for Christ, according to Mrs. Martha Kelfer, Pavilion Secy.

Religion for the Whole Man

By Peter D. MacLean

HERE'S a living project that you might try: Ask ten people who trust you: What is Christianity? Jot down the answers.

No doubt you will get all sorts of replies. Your friends will say:

"Christianity is obeying the Ten Commandments and keeping the Golden Rule."

"Christianity is following Jesus and seeking to live out his teaching." (Ask them what he taught and your friends will probably answer: "The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.")

"Christianity is a religion that tries to show men how to live with one another, but it doesn't seem to be doing so well these days."

There is nothing wrong with these comments except they are not answers to your question. The fact that so many people do not know what Christianity *is* or is supposed

to be may explain in a big way why so many reject it or are lukewarm about it.

Good Advice or Good News?

Christianity is the *good news*; or to use an older term, it is *the gospel*. *Good news* and *gospel* mean the same. Our hangup is that many people think that Christianity is *good advice*. The answers you'll get to your questions are for the most part *good advice* answers. Just for a moment think how you would feel if your commanding officer called you aside and began, "I have some good advice for you." On the other hand, consider how you'd feel if he said, "I have some good news for you."

I would take the good news any day. Advice is cheap but news changes things, causes events, makes history, and offers an opportunity to respond. Christianity is

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basically good news (gospel). It started as good news and it will end as good news. Jesus was good news to those who confronted him, even to those who mocked him and put him to death. He was many things, but he was rarely good advice.

The tragedy of Christianity is that too many of us (in fact, almost all of us as children) were taught that Christianity is good advice. So Christianity became a set of rules for good manners, good behavior and a lot of attitudes that bear a curious resemblance to middle-class social values. Behind the rules and good advice was the hidden message:

If you are good, God will love you;
If you are not good, God will not love you.

Christianity as good news "shouts" that you don't have to be good to be loved. The good news is that God through Jesus Christ loves us despite our ugliness, our unloveliness, and our sin. The good news is that you don't have to earn God's love by being good. The good news is that God's love is a free gift.

The Demands of Love

But there's the pinch. Love is a relationship between two persons. The good news of God's love only serves to create another crisis. Do I really want to be loved by him? Do I want to accept the gift? The news may be too much for my system to absorb and take. To live in a relationship with a person who loves me for what I am can be more

demanding and devastating than all the rules and good advice put together.

Can Christianity as good news (gospel) make a difference in your life? It means above all things that real love is a gift. I cannot demand that my children, for example, earn my love as a parent. It means that as a Christian, my task is to first of all *be* good news to others. You have heard of people who are called bad news; the image is neat and clear. A person who is bad news brings trouble, disaster, and confusion with him wherever he goes. The task of a Christian is just the opposite. It is to be good news—to bring peace, healing and love to persons and the structure of society.

Right here we run headlong into one of the most serious of all problems confronting Christians and the churches. The problem arises from our long distant heritage of placing a kind of primary emphasis on "preaching the gospel." Clergymen, pastors, and preachers of all churches are judged largely on their eloquence of verbalizing the good news. Our instinct says to us: "If Christianity can be put into words and if the words can come tumbling forth from a man who speaks them in sincerity and truth that's all that we have to do." The only hitch is that our instincts are a bit wrong and our faith in verbalizing the good news is a little off center. Making words about God is just not enough. As James says, "So faith by itself, if it has no works, is dead" (James 2:17).

Living the Good News

There are two ways I can communicate my love for my wife. One is to give her a speech about my love for her; and the other is to put my arms around her, kiss her, and even start to wash the dishes. In the language of relationships, actions can communicate better than words. The message of my concern, my love and my desire for her well-being can be and more often is communicated through things done rather than things said. It is the thrust of non-verbal communication, not using words, that has created new demands on the Christian of today. He lives in a time when words are cheap and is bombarded by them incessantly all day long. The task of communicating the gospel can no longer compete with the wordiness of the world and a new look at our non-verbal communication is in order.

What has hit many churches and many Christians in our time is that no longer can they rely on preaching the good news from verbal pulpits. Good news is something that must be lived and demonstrated, acted out, and given flesh and blood. The opportunity for being good news has no limits. In the past Christians often translated the gospel into hospitals and schools, colleges and institutions for the aged. Today the gospel is being translated into every conceivable area of human need. Consider as examples: City churches sponsoring summer day camp programs for all children in the neighborhood; half-way houses and employment centers

for men who have served time in prison; visible participation in planning groups in urban renewal; direct participation in political and social causes designed to promote the well-being of all men; vivid experimentation with the arts in dance and music, color, and sculpture.

Not all of these activities have received the enthusiastic support of all Christians. More than one eyebrow has been raised when churches have opened their doors to the whole neighborhood. More than one clergyman has been threatened with the loss of his life and family over a strong statement concerning civil rights and open housing. The proposal that Christianity is to be good news for the whole man creates a deep strain in persons who see Christianity as a religion designed to give only comfort and solace to the believer.

What can be so easily missed and especially overlooked by those who see in the Christian faith comfort and solace only, is that the good news (gospel) has the power to set men free from anxiety and fear. It is this freedom that in itself is a source of power that allows us to be a witness in the world, and to show in our own lives the rich flavor and joy of real living. Instead of ducking out of the world and its messes we can wade in, confident of who our Creator is, who our Companion is and where the Source of our power comes from. The Christian is free to be an agent of love, healing, and strength to others. He is and is called to be a sharer and co-worker in Jesus Christ and to be good news.

Brief News Items

Starving Biafrans

Around 600 of West Virginia Wesleyan's 1,750 students skipped their evening meal November 20, 1968, and asked the college to send funds representing their share of the dinner to Church World Service for relief of starving Biafrans.

Hong Kong Makes Gift to Needy

The churches in Hong Kong recently sent a check for \$8,409.03 to the East Asia Christian Conference for aid to the needy in Vietnam.

Chaplain Baptizes Pair in South China Sea

Nha Trang (44th Med Bde 10): Normally, the Special Services Beach here would have been crowded with swimmers and surfers. One recent morning, though, the sandy beach on the South China Sea was the setting for baptismal services. Chaplain (CPT) W. Lyman Sale, Jr., hospital chaplain for the 8th Field Hospital, 44th Med Bde, used the unusual setting for the baptism of two GIs—Sp/4 Robert G. Nearing of the 9th Field Hospital; and PFC Clarence H. Stubblefield, a patient at the 8th Field Hospital.

The President's Religion

President Nixon was raised a Quaker, but in the 1950s, the then Vice-President attended services at the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Church, near the American University campus.

Hospitalman 3/C Michael Gish pauses a moment to reflect before the Protestant Worship Service at Camp Haskins (North) Chapel, Da Nang, Vietnam. He led the Sunday service during the absence of the Battalion Chaplain. Before enlisting in the Navy Reserves as a corpsman in 1966 and re-activated in MCB-22 in 1968, he was minister to the Centerpoint United Pentecostal Church, Pineville, La.



CWS Clothing Appeal

Needed This Year: 5 million pounds of lightweight clothing and 300,000 blankets and 10 cents per pound for REFUGEES and victims of disaster around the world.

Clean out closets and drawers; set aside good, usable clothing; mend what is mendable; pack in sturdy cardboard boxes and mail to clothing centers. Addresses of 10 centers in the US are:

P.O. Box 188
New Windsor, Md. 21776
201 S. Main St.
Nappanee, Ind. 46550
919 Emerald Ave., Box 3747
Modesto, Calif. 95352
1911 Main St., Box 1509
Vancouver, Wash. 98663
137 N. Fair Oaks Ave.
Pasadena, Calif. 91101
3855 Elm St.
Denver, Colo. 80207
7425 Ardmore St., Box 14087
Houston, Texas 77021
637 W. 125th St.
New York, N.Y. 10027
718 Bayard Ave.
St. Louis, Mo. 63108
45-008 Kaneohe Bay Dr.
Box 1071
Kaneohe, Hawaii 96744

Billy Graham's Crusade in New York

Billy Graham's 1969 New York Crusade will be held in the new Madison Square Garden June 13-22. Mr. Graham stated that the Crusade would be an attempt "to answer the great social problems which surround us by creating a change in the hearts of people."



Chaplain, LTC, Roy M. Terry, was recently named as Special Assistant to the Chief of Air Force Chaplains, Washington. When leaving the Air Force Academy, he was presented with a ceremonial sword. L-R: Cadet Charles C. Baldwin; Chaplain Alston R. Chace; Cadet Karl N. Bruce; Chaplain Terry.

The Church in Russia Coming Back

According to C. Stanley Lowell, editor of *Church and State*, the Russian Orthodox Church, which "took such a beating" when Russia turned atheist, is "coming back in Russia today." Dr. Lowell says: "No longer regarded as 'in,' bereft of its patronage, confronted by a glacial mass of official atheism, the Orthodox Church is slowly winning the respect of the Russian people." Metropolitan Alexij replied to Dr. Lowell's question if the church was "withering away": "As a Christian I am an optimist. I am sure that the church will never die. A hundred years from now it will be here."



"Laymen of the Year" awards were presented to COL Frank D. Conant, Jr., Commander, 2d Armored Div. Support Command, and 1st/Sgt George Bowers, Co A, 2d Bn, 67th Armored, during Laymen's Day services at the 33d Street Chapel, Fort Hood, Tex. *Left:* COL Conant receives the Appreciation Certificate from Chaplain (MAJ) Danny W. Burttram, Support Command Chaplain, for delivering the sermon. *Right:* Sgt Bowers receives the Certificate of Appreciation from Chaplain (CPT) Samuel Hopkins, 33d St Chapel, for conducting the annual Laymen's Day Service.

Christian Literature at the Olympics

LOGOI, INC. (Formerly Latin Youth Publications) of Miami, Fla., took the occasion of the Olympics at Mexico City to distribute 500,000 pieces of Christian literature in Spanish. These spoke of Christ through an assortment of subjects—from stories about Christian Olympic Stars to a modern translation of the Book of Romans to two-color illustrated Bible books, produced in cooperation with the David C. Cook Foundation, Elgin, Ill.

Easter Seals

The 1969 Easter Seal Campaign

will take place March 1 to April 6. Easter Seal societies nationwide provided direct care and treatment and other services to more than 250,000 crippled children and adults last year. Support your local appeal!

Are You a Candidate for a Heart Attack?

The Heart Association asks 6 questions to help you answer the question: 1. Are you overweight? 2. Are you eating your way to heart attack? 3. Do you smoke cigarettes? 4. Do you dodge exercise? 6. Do you neglect seeing your doctor? So answer rightly, and don't be a candidate for a heart attack.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find five articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. Creative Doubt (page 9)

Biblical Material: Matthew 14:28-33; John 20:24-31

What is meant by the phrase: "objectively uncertain"? Does God want us to walk in "blind faith"? Why or why not? How would you explain to someone the meaning of creative doubt? What are the things which back up our faith?

2. They Bugged Him to Death (page 23)

Biblical Material: Luke 23:26-49

Do you think it is correct to say Jesus was bugged to death? Why or why not? On the human side, why did Christ die? On the divine side, why did he die? What is the meaning of the cross today?

3. Man Who Led a Nation Out of Bondage (page 32)

Biblical Material: Exodus 1:8, 11, 13-14; 9:1-3; 14:26-30

Who was Moses? Why did the Hebrews come into Egypt? Why did they want to leave? How did they get away? In what ways are men in bondage today? How does Christ deliver them?

4. I Believe God Is (page 40)

Biblical Material: John 14:1-11

Why do you believe in God? How is God the author of beauty and art? Name some great leaders of the past whom God has led. How do we know God led them? Does he still lead men today? How does Jesus show us God?

5. Religion for the Whole Man (page 57)

Biblical Material: John 3:1-21

What is Christianity? Why are so many of the answers to this question inadequate? In what way is Christianity "the good news"? Why is *love* considered the central theme of Christianity? How does one live the good news? What does it mean to see "the whole man" converted?

The Link Calendar

MARCH takes its name from Mars, the ancient god of war. In colonial days the year began in March. March is Red Cross Month.

Mar. 1. State Day in Nebraska.

Mar. 2. Second Sunday in Lent. Also Texas Independence Day.

Mar. 3. Birthday of Alexander Graham Bell. B. Mar. 3, 1842 in Edinburgh, Scotland. Birthday also of Vincent van Gogh, Dutch painter, b. 1853.

Mar. 4. Vermont Day. Vt. admitted to Union on Mar. 4, 1791. Birthday of Knute Rockne. B. 1888. On Mar. 4, 1789, the Constitution of the U.S. was declared in effect and Washington became our 1st President.

Mar. 5. The Boston Massacre, 1770.

Mar. 6. Alamo Day. The fall of the Alamo. Texas. Elizabeth Barrett Browning b. 1806.

Mar. 7. World Day of Prayer. Also Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas (c 1227-1274). Luther Burbank's birthday. B. 1849. Patent granted to Alexander Graham Bell for the 1st telephone in 1876.

Mar. 8. Birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes. B. 1841.

Mar. 9. Birthday of Amerigo Vespucci, Italian navigator who claimed to have reached North and South America in 1498, and after whom the continents are named. 3rd Sunday in Lent.

Mar. 10. A contingent of the Salvation Army landed in America in 1880, beginning its religious and welfare activity in this country. Feast of Purim—Jewish feast day observed in commemoration of the deliverance of the Jews in Persia from the plot of Haman.

Mar. 11. The great blizzard in New York City and New England states. Mar. 11-14, 1888.

Mar. 12. Girl Scout Day. Girl Scouts began on Mar. 12, 1912. U. S. Post Office established by Act of Congress on Mar. 12, 1789.

Mar. 14. Eli Whitney is granted a patent on the cotton gin, Mar. 14, 1794. Albert Einstein b. this day 1879.

Mar. 15. Andrew Jackson b. this day 1767. 7th President of the USA.

Mar. 16. James Madison b. this day 1751. 4th President of the USA. U.S. Military Academy established in 1802. 4th Sunday in Lent.

Mar. 17. Feast of St. Patrick.

Mar. 18. Grover Cleveland b. this day 1837. 22nd and 24th President of the USA.

Mar. 19. David Livingstone b. this day 1813. Great missionary and explorer to Africa. Wm. Jennings Bryan b. this day 1860.

Mar. 21. Vernal equinox—the beginning of Spring.

Mar. 23. Patrick Henry delivered famous speech: "Give me liberty or give me death" at Provincial Convention in Richmond. Passion Sunday.

Mar. 25. The Annunciation or Lady Day.

Mar. 30. Palm Sunday. **Mar. 30-Apr. 5:** Holy Week.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

chapel but now are going to church in town. We don't want to miss getting THE LINK. We all enjoy it so much. Have for many years.

—Allen, Tex, Jan Messinger, 3534 San Pascual, Las Vegas, Nev. 89110

Wants a Regular Subscription

We enjoyed THE LINK when Orin brought it home from Air Force Reserve and would like a year's subscription now that he has retired.

—Mr. and Mrs. Orin L. Kutz, 1820 Alaska St., Oshkosh, Wis. 54901

Another Donation

Please accept this check of \$49.00 to further Christ's work through your magazine, THE LINK. It is with pleasure that we apply our tithe to such a worthy cause.

—LCDR Gary C. Robinson, DC, USN, USS *Eldorado* AGC-11, FPO San Francisco 96601

We Are Proud of This

I have found that your magazine has a greater appeal to the men with whom I have served than does any other single religious periodical. You are to be commended for your fine work.

—LT George M. Sheldon, CHC, USN, Dept. of the Navy, U. S. Naval Air Facility, FPO San Francisco 96697

Appreciates Promptness

Our order for 20 copies of THE LINK is being filled promptly. We already have received the December issue (November 7). We would like to increase our order to 50 copies per month.

—Chaplain Earl E. Keele, Office of the Protestant Chaplain, Marine Aircraft Group 36, 1st Marine Aircraft Wing, FPO, San Francisco 96602

Strong Tangible Link

Thank you so much for making LINK available. David mentions it often in his letters from Vietnam. It seems to be the strongest tangible link to his religious training he has there. Thanks again.

—Sarah B. Lester, Box 582, Henderson, N. C.

(David is Sp/4 David H. Lester, HHD 39th Sig. Bn, APO San Francisco 96291.)

* * *

A History of Russia by George Vernadsky. Bantam Books, Inc. 271 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. 1967. \$1.25.

A monumental work which describes Russia's growth from the times of the nomadic tribes to the present Cold War, and examines the social, religious, and cultural as well as the political and economic aspects of Russian civilization.

At Ease!



"It's called 'take home pay' because there's nowhere else you can afford to go with it."

Sir Lancelot dismounted and rushed into the inn. "My steed is too weary to go on. Can you lend me a horse?"

"I have no horse," replied the landlord. "The only animal I possess is that big dog."

Sir Lancelot said, "Well, then, I must take him."

"Oh, Sir," cried the landlord, "I wouldn't send a knight out on a dog like this."—Gene Yassenak.

A young husband suddenly

decided to economize and vowed that from then on he would not use the bus when returning from his office. The very next evening he arrived home all out of breath.

"Honey," he gasped, "I saved 20 cents this evening by running behind the bus."

"How foolish can you get?" snapped his wife. "Why didn't you run behind a taxi and save a dollar!"
—F. G. Kernan.

"Why is it important not to lose your head in an attack?" asked the sergeant. And the recruit answered: "Because it wouldn't leave no place to put your helmet."—*International Teamster*.

The manager of a hotel, finding that a guest had departed without paying his hotel bill, wrote him: "My dear Mr. Smythe: Will you please send the amount of your bill, and oblige," etc.

To this Mr. Smythe wrote politely: "My dear Mr. Manager: The amount of my bill is a hundred and ten dollars. Yours respectfully."
—Lewis Copeland in *World's Best Jokes*.

Two young businessmen were discussing how they had achieved success.

"Things were pretty tough for me for a while," admitted one, "but I just gritted my teeth, rolled up my sleeves—and borrowed another thousand dollars from my father-in-law."—*General Features*.

Smile and the world smiles with you.



FLOWER WORSHIP

The flowers hold their petals up
Spilling wonder like a cup
Of golden glory to the sky.
O, may I lift my heart as high.

—Dorothy Watkey



